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The Week

IN CENTRAL Africa, when an epidemic ravages the tribe, the witch doctors whip an image of the particular devil responsible. In America, when values are crashing as a result of individualistic management of a machine technology, Congress and the President attack the bears in Wall Street. It is the black magic of short selling, apparently, which brings prices down and keeps them there. So the Stock Exchange is eventually forced to adopt rules which will make short selling more difficult, while committees of Congress report favorably on bills which will permit the government to forbid short selling altogether. But why these half measures? Why not have legislation forcing everyone to be a bull? Why not make it compulsory to be long of the market, and buy on margin? Thus, by holding a match under the thermometer, we could make it register any desired temperature, and people, looking at the torrid degree, would begin to mop their brows and unfreeze their assets. This is only another symptom of the curious de- spread—that it will function smoothly if only someone will stop injuring it, that the chief injury to it is mental or emotional, and that the one and unfailing sign of its health will be soaring prices in the speculative markets, particularly in those markets which register the riches of the owners.

PROBABLY the most important bill now before Congress has nothing to do with the existing depression. It is the anti-injunction bill recently reported favorably by the Senate Judiciary Committee. The use of the United States courts as allies of employers in labor disputes has long been a scandal. It has been denounced by many legal authorities, and both parties have pledged themselves to do away with it. The bill now introduced by Senator Norris is substantially the same as that drawn, with competent legal advice, many months ago, on which The New Republic commented at length. It has several features, but the principal ones are: that which outlaws the "yellow-dog" contract and makes impossible the issuance of an injunction in support of it, that which forbids the issuance of a restraining order on *ex parte* affidavits alone, and that which prevents the judge who issues an injunction from being the sole authority as to its violation and the punishment therefor. In general, the bill seeks to establish a policy asserting the public interest in the existence of labor organizations and collective bargaining. It should serve to prevent the use of judicial authority to interfere with labor's elementary rights. We believe that a strong labor movement in the United States is essential to any sound program of economic improvement, and that one of the first legislative duties is to remove arbitrary interference with the growth and effectiveness of unions by short-sighted or prejudiced federal judges.

THE past week has seen six important developments in relation to the Far Eastern situation. Bitter fighting has taken place around Shanghai, where the Chinese continue to offer a resistance more stubborn than most people thought was possible. The Japanese election resulted, as was expected, in an overwhelming victory for the

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ent policy. At Geneva it was decided that the League Assembly, meeting on March 3, must grapple with the Sino-Japanese conflict, though the consequences may be extremely serious to the League itself. A dummy, Japanese-controlled government has now been set up in Manchuria, where Chinese irregular troops (called "bandits" by the Japanese) are again active. The Japanese Foreign Minister, Kenkichi Yoshizawa, has issued a statement defending his government's course, which makes quite as bad an impression as the previous public documents from Japanese sources. He frankly admits that Japan is using her League membership to prevent interference by that body with what she is doing; insists that it was not Japan but China which violated the Kellogg Pact by the "attack on the South Manchuria Railway and on Japanese patrols at Shanghai"; and dismisses the Nine Power Treaty as being inapplicable at present because of the "state of chaos" in China. Finally, there is a growing pressure in the United States for a boycott against Japan, either undertaken alone or in coöperation with the League. Boycott petitions have been signed by President Lowell of Harvard, Newton D. Baker and more than one hundred and fifty other persons, including many well known educators.

EVER since 1927, when the Irish Republicans (the Fianna Fail party) began to participate in the elections, the Government party (Cumann na nGaedheal) has had only a narrow margin of votes in its favor, this being partly because of the existence in Ireland of proportional representation. In last week's election, it fell to an actual minority. De Valera, for so many years the Republican leader, is expected to form a government, which he can do, however, only with the assistance of the Labor members of the Dail (the lower house of Parliament). Though the Republicans have always demanded complete independence from England, de Valera will not seek to attain this at the present time. He has announced his intention of repudiating Article 17 of the Constitution, which requires an oath of loyalty to the King, and states that he will suspend payment of land annuities, amounting to some £3,000,000, to the British Treasury. He also proposes to cancel all the recent legislation restrictive of free speech and a free press. It remains to be seen, of course, whether the Labor party will agree to de Valera's policies; if it does not, he will be helpless.

THE British government recognizes that if Ireland wants to secede from the Empire, she has both the right and the power to do so. The right is explicitly recognized in the Statute of Westminster; the power exists because public opinion, inside England and abroad, would not now tolerate the sending of another army to Ireland to subjugate the population by force—to say nothing of the cost of land from taking this ultimate step. They say that if Ireland were outside the Empire, and the full present British tariffs were applied to her products, she would be ruined, since 90 percent of her trade is with England. Also, there are some 350,000 Irish living and working in England; and if these suddenly became aliens, it is possible that their positions might be taken from them or they might even be deported back to Ireland. The first of these arguments, however, is a two-edged sword; Ireland consistently buys abroad (chiefly from England) much more than she sells, and anything designed to injure her exports would be just as hurtful to her imports. If de Valera takes control, many serious problems will certainly be raised, particularly in regard to the position of Ulster; but we shall see nothing like the catastrophic results which would have followed if it had happened ten years ago.

AFTER a long interregnum, during which Germany has been ruled by emergency decrees, the Reichstag has met and set the date of the presidential election as March 13. Hindenburg has already been nominated on a nonpartisan ticket. Opposing him will be a Communist, probably Thaelmann; Hitler himself, running for his National Socialist party despite the serious questions as to the legality of his German citizenship; and Colonel Theodore Düsterberg as the joint candidate of the Steel Helmets and the Hugenbergists. With these four candidates in the field, it is a grave question whether von Hindenburg can win, at least without the second election required by German electoral law if no candidate obtains a clear majority in the first balloting. If we assume that the opposing parties will do no better than they did in the Reichstag elections of 1930, the reëlection of Hindenburg would be more than probable. But the Hitlerites, who received 6,400,000 votes in that election, are likely to poll from ten to twelve million this time; and it remains to be seen whether they will recruit this increase from the German People's party, the Economic party and the agrarian groups which support Hindenburg's candidacy, or from their allies, the Hugenberg forces, which polled 2,458,000 votes.

IT SEEMS certain, moreover, that the Social Democratic party will not be able again to muster 8,572,000 votes to the Hindenburg standard: the intelligent worker who formerly voted the Socialist ticket now realizes that the reëlection of Hindenburg gives not the slightest assurance that the Fascists will not be called to participate in the next government. He has seen Brüning's and Hindenburg's repeated negotiations with Hitler and knows that only Hitler's demand for the reorganization of the Brüning Cabinet prevented the de facto reelection of the President by a Reichstag vote. He also knows that the Hindenburg front contains

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monarchistic and barely tolerate the Republic. It is the tragic fate of new Germany that it has no democratic movement with the strength and the courage to fight for a real republic, and that the Social Democratic party is so panic-stricken in its fear of Fascism that it not only tolerates a reactionary government but actively comes to the assistance of Hindenburg, the embodiment of nationalism and militarism in Germany.

THAT the sins of the city fathers are visited upon their children to the third and fourth administrations is nowhere more evident than in Chicago at the present moment. At least, we are certain that the city employees, the teachers, firemen and policemen, will vouch for it. For now comes an announcement from Mayor Anton J. Cermak, the successor of Big Bill Thompson, whose wasteful and corrupt rule, though it was not the first to create financial trouble, left the city's finances a heap of smoldering ruins, that further slashes in personnel must be made. Blaming the state legislature for refusing to aid the city in its attempt to solve the tax situation, the mayor announces that it will be necessary to lay off about 2,400 employees. This list includes not only teachers, many of whom have received no salaries whatever for eight months and have borne the brunt of the city's efforts to cut down the budget; it also includes about six hundred firemen and policemen. By discharging these various civil servants the mayor hopes to save the city about $7,000,000 a year, in addition to the $12,000,000 which he expects to save by the wage-staggering plan instituted in January. In other words, the great city of Chicago, in order to shore up its finances against utter collapse, is forced to add further recruits to the great army of unemployed men and women now tramping its streets—for, as Mayor Cermak himself admits in desperation, "I don't know what else to do."

IN THE long debate over Philippine independence, the last thing which is usually considered is the wishes of the Filipinos. The present drive for immediate and complete independence comes, as everyone knows, chiefly from American sugar interests which want the Philippines put outside our tariff wall. Those who want our pledges of freedom repudiated (or, like The New York Herald Tribune, insist we never made any) are actuated mainly by military reasons, or because they wish special favors for American capitalists in the islands and know that such favors would not be forthcoming under native rule. It is undoubtedly true that some Filipinos in political life find the campaign for independence a useful device to advance their own careers, and would be disconcerted if their chief talking-point were suddenly taken away from them. In these circumstances, it is perhaps surprising that so good a bill should be proposed as the one which the Senate Committee on Insular Affairs has just reported. The bill provides a twenty-year transitional period, during the first ten of which the Philippines would enjoy free trade as at present, while in the last five, tariffs would be gradually raised both by the United States and the islands. This program would be initiated only after the creation of a constitution and the establishment of a government under it; and before freedom became absolute, all the Filipinos would vote in a referendum based on their partial experience with tariff exclusion and immigration restriction. Doubtless some of the framers of the bill assume that after this experience, the islanders would vote to stay with Uncle Sam; but we believe they would be disappointed by the result. This bill is similar to the excellent Vandenberg measure of the last session; and while it has some weaknesses, it provides the groundwork upon which a wise and just plan could be built.

MR. Henry Wright, an able New York architect and an authority in the field of city planning, aroused great excitement a few days ago when he said that the apartment houses along Riverside Drive, in that city, are "slums or potential slums." Various people financially interested in the district at once attacked his view. Mr. Paul Henkel stated that "more new residents have moved into the Riverside Drive and adjacent sections during the past year than into other parts of Manhattan"—which certainly sounds rather like support for Mr. Wright than effective rebuttal. Major W. S. Schneider crushed the critic by saying that his animadversions applied equally well to "Park Avenue, Sutton Place and Beekman Place"—a statement to which Mr. Wright would probably be the first to agree. Everything depends, of course, on what you mean by a "slum." Most of the apartment houses in all four of the districts mentioned cover at least two-thirds of their land areas, and everyone knows that a one-third coverage is now considered the maximum permissible for decent multi-family dwellings. Practically none of these houses has any green space of its own, any playground or other recreational area, indoors or out; the tenants must use city park space which, even in the case of Riverside Drive, is across a double-width street filled with roaring, high-speed traffic. Probably from a third to a half of the apartments look out upon airless, sunless courts; and even the remainder have many individual rooms which do the same. None of them is really insulated against city noises. Most of the newer ones have absurdly small rooms; and practically all of them, as a result of profiteering by the landowners, rent at exorbitant rates even in these days of depression. The conditions described, bad enough even at present, will be far worse if, as is not improbable, these houses are finally occupied by people with small incomes, and the number of inhabitants per room is increased.

INTERSTATE Commerce Commissioner East-

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mittee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce when he said that if Congress wants the Commission to exercise authority over railroad consolidation in the public interest, as specified in the Transportation Act, it must give the Commission power to deal with the holding companies. These companies, by acquiring stock control, can effect unifications which do not come under the jurisdiction of the Commission because they are not mergers or purchases of physical assets in the ordinary sense. Mr. Eastman mentioned specific cases of unification which had been disapproved by the Commission, but which had nevertheless been effected through this device—notably by the Van Sweringen interests. "Here the common control of railroad companies, which is generally recognized as actual and effective, has been accomplished in a way which is most cleverly disguised. It has not been through any one holding company, but through a tangled maze of holding companies." It should give us pause that private owners who are always proclaiming loudly that their activities in profit-seeking are for the good of the public, are always finding ways of opposing and circumventing the agencies set up to protect the public interest.

THE La Follette-Costigan bill, appropriating money from the federal Treasury to aid the unemployed, has been defeated in the United States Senate by a vote of forty-eight to thirty-five. The measure in its final form would have provided $375,000,000 for the states to use in feeding the starving, and $375,000,000 for a federal road-building program which would have furnished employment to thousands of men, as well as providing a useful supplement to the nation's highway system. A substitute bill which would appropriate the same amount of money under slightly different circumstances has been introduced by Senator Wagner of New York, and every argument which was used in favor of the La Follette-Costigan measure applies with equal force to the Wagner proposal. A similar measure has also been introduced in the House. In the meantime, here is a list of the Senators who voted against the former bill:

> Republicans (27)—Austin, Barbour, Bingham, Capper, Carey, Couzens, Dale, Dickinson, Fess, Goldsborough, Hale, Hastings, Hatfield, Hebert, Kean, Keyes, McNary, Oddie, Patterson, Reed, Robinson (Ind.), Smoot, Townsend, Vandenberg, Walcott, Watson and White.
>
> Democrats (21)—Bailey, Bankhead, Black, Broussard, Byrnes, Connally, Coolidge, George, Glass, Gore, Harrison, Hawes, Hull, Kendrick, King, Morrison, Pittman, Robinson (Ark.), Stephens, Tydings and Walsh (Mass.).
>
> Voting Present—Lewis (Democrat), ill.
>
> Pairs—Barkley (D.), for with Waterman (R.), against; Bulow (D.), for with Moses (R.), against; Howell (R.), for with Swanson (D.), against.

These are the men who are willing to take a chance of wholesale starvation, rather than upset the "sacred principle" that money from the national Treasury shall be used to help banks but not people. Their names are worth remembering.

Boycott Leads to War

ON MARCH 3, the Assembly of the League of Nations meets for the second time in history, to consider action by the League in relation to Japan's aggression in the Far East. There will, no doubt, be strong advocacy of the use of an economic boycott against the offender. Meanwhile, agitation for American coöperation with the League in any such move is rapidly gaining headway in the United States. A statement signed by Newton D. Baker, President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard and numerous others of prominence urges this policy. There is no reasonable doubt that Japan has violated not only the League Covenant (which the United States has never signed), but the Kellogg Pact and the Pacific Nine Power Treaty, to which this country is a party. The League, for the first time, must squarely confront the question of the use of sanctions against a violator, as provided in its Covenant, and the United States must decide whether to use the same means of disciplining a nation which has broken the general peace treaties to which we have set our name. This is a decisive moment in the history of international relations, and we ought to be sure that what we do is both wise and just.

The Article of the League Covenant dealing with sanctions is number 16. What does it say? The first sentence begins: "Should any Member of the League resort to war in disregard of its covenants under Articles 12, 13 or 15, it shall *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other Members of the League." Only after the recognition of this state of world war does the use of sanctions apply. The sentence continues—"which hereby undertake immediately to subject it to the severance of all trade or financial relations, the prohibition of all intercourse between their nationals and the nationals of the covenant-breaking State, and the prevention of all financial, commercial or personal intercourse between the nationals of the covenant-breaking State and the nationals of any other State, whether a Member of the League or not." Immediately following this pledge to carry on the war by economic means is a provision to further it by military means. "It shall be the duty of the Council in such case to recommend what effective military, naval or air force the Members of the League shall severally contribute to the armed forces to be used to protect the covenants of the League."

If, therefore, the League decides that Japan has violated any of her pledges under the Covenant,

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of war between Japan and the rest of the world. Diplomatic and economic sanctions automatically follow. League members would be pledged not only to interrupt their own trade with Japan, but to interrupt the trade of any non-member—e. g., the United States. The United States would therefore either have to join in a League war upon Japan or submit to a League blockade interrupting our commerce. Military, naval and air measures are thus indissolubly linked, under the League procedure, with economic sanctions.

In this country it is the fashion to advocate a boycott as a substitute for war. Clearly, no such distinction is recognized under the Covenant of the League. We cannot coöperate with the League in an effort to discipline Japan without going to war. Nor is it realistic to pretend that a boycott is a substitute for war in any case. It is not just a self-denying ordinance against profit-making. It is an interruption of the flow of essential raw materials and manufactures, a weapon which, if it is effective at all, is directed in a deadly fashion against the civilian population of the enemy. It bears most heavily on the weakest and poorest elements of that population. It leads directly to unemployment, starvation and disease, to the killing or permanent injury of women and children. We might just as humanely send airplane squadrons to drop gas and incendiary bombs on industrial cities. No nation threatened with severe losses from a boycott would suffer passively. It would either surrender or strike back by any means it could muster. In this result there is no distinction between economic and military force. It has been the fond hope of the advocates of force ever since history began that a nation confronted with sufficiently overwhelming odds would surrender rather than fight. No doubt the advocates of a boycott against Japan expect that she would do so. But history furnishes many instances of desperate resistance against seemingly impossible odds.

Like military warfare, economic warfare injures him who wields the weapon as well as him against whom it is used. Cotton-growers and silk-workers in the United States, among many others, would be in our front-line economic trenches; they would be drafted for shock troops in this battle. When one examines the facts of the trade affected, any phrase about the United States "coöperating with the League" in an anti-Japanese boycott is absurd. We should be carrying the load of the boycott, while they coöperated with us, at a considerable distance. Our trade with Japan is normally three times as great as that of the next nation—China. British India comes third. Japan buys half her raw cotton from us and sells us 97 percent of her raw silk. No European power—not even Great Britain or Germany—has a stake in Japanese trade comparable with ours. France's share in Japanese trade is tiny. We should be waging the war, and against us Japanese reprisals would be principally enemy and because we should be the nearest enemy to attack. Our navy would almost immediately be involved; the only consolation would be that the British navy would be obligated to help it. A clause in Article 16 of the League Covenant pledges the Members to "support one another in the financial and economic measures which are taken under this Article," but it is inconceivable that the League Members at present would contribute toward our losses in a boycott or that, if they agreed to do so, they could pay.

This is not a time to deceive ourselves. We are drifting toward a war with Japan, and those pacifists whose plan to safeguard peace is based on the League conception of sanctions constitute the principal force in that drift. The question before us is, ought we to fight Japan, even as allies of the rest of the world, in order to punish her for her unquestioned guilt?

The New Republic believes with all the force of its conviction that we should not. The world has had one unhappy experience in the use of war to end war. It has tried to outlaw treaty-breaking by the punishment of a "guilty nation." In 1917 The New Republic was naïve enough to urge American participation in this endeavor. By 1919 the tragic consequences were already so clearly apparent that this journal was unwilling to approve the result as expressed in the Treaty of Versailles, or to conspire in creating another world war of the same sort by advocating participation by the United States in the League of Nations. The chief object of our disapproval in the League Covenant was then, and has remained ever since, Article 16, with its project of keeping the peace by threatening and employing "sanctions"—a polite word for war. The peace among nations cannot be kept by force or the fear of force. In international affairs, to meet force with force always and inevitably intensifies and widens existing conflict; it solves nothing. Use of force is sometimes tragically necessary, but it is not the way to peace. To advocate its use, in the belief that one is thereby furthering international amity, is the most terrible of mistakes, and is founded on a complete delusion.

It is, indeed, difficult for anyone with a sense of humanity to watch Japan pursuing her present policy without lifting a finger to prevent her. But there is not an argument that may be used for stopping her by violence which was not used for the same course against Germany. The fact that Japan's cause probably has less justice than Germany's had is not essential, in this respect. In this case the basic economic situation of Japan is such that her present course can in the end lead only to disaster for herself and an overturn of her rulers. Even if that were not so, there would be no use in fighting her. We cannot have a reliably peaceful world until nations are so organized and instructed that they seek the objectives which can be

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Utopia Espagnol

NOTHING is more interesting, in this modern world, than the constitutions which are written by new countries, or by new governments in old ones. These documents always offer a rough plan of Utopia as it is seen by the group in power at the moment, subject to the provision, of course, that they embrace immediate objectives rather than ultimate aims. A collection of such constitutions for the past hundred years would offer a striking demonstration of the social history of that time; and if such a collection is ever made, not the least interesting item will be the new Constitution recently written for Republican Spain.

If all the clauses of this shining new Constitution were to be carried out, the economic and social life of the country would be revolutionized. The Constitution provides for a one-chambered Parliament, a presidential term of six years with little power delegated to the President, universal suffrage, absolute freedom of religion, though supplementary legislation forbids the church to undertake any but purely religious activities, and easy divorce laws. The divorce laws make it possible for women to obtain a dissolution decree in three days, but the trials will not be open to the public.

Perhaps the most questionable feature of the Constitution is the tremendous salary it gives the President, which, together with personal and "entertainment allowances," amounts to 2,250,000 pesetas a year. At par this would be equal to $434,250—at the present rate of exchange, $191,250—which is evidently the price of presidential honesty in Spain.

Any President attempting to go against Parliament can have his life made very miserable indeed, since the extent of his powers is subject to constant interference. The President, who is elected by the deputies and an equal number of popular delegates, has a limited veto power, but vetoed legislation is referred again to Parliament and, as in America, a two-thirds majority overrides him. There is no pocket veto. The Constitution empowers the Chief Executive to dissolve Parliament only twice in six years. The first time, he must call a general election within sixty days, and after the second dissolution, Parliament must investigate his acts as President. An absolute majority can suspend and impeach him. Under normal circumstances three-fifths of the deputies can suspend the President from office and call a general election for presidential delegates within eight days. If the decision of the delegates and the deputies in joint session supports the President, Parliament automatically ends.

Probably the most striking feature of the Constitution, from the international point of view, is the article forbidding the President to declare war without the sanction of the League of Nations. Moreover, "every international covenant ratified by Spain . . . becomes part of the Spanish legislation, which in the case of conflict has to be modified accordingly."

Supplementary legislation is being adopted at a rapid pace. Its most important phases are agrarian, religious, educational and industrial. No person or family will be able to hold more than twenty-five acres of irrigated land, and this must be kept under cultivation. In two years it is hoped that 75,000 "destitute families" will be placed on land which today belongs to someone else.

The government will appoint a Council of Technicians and exert supervision of industry. Enterprises with more than fifty employees must submit to direct supervision by workers' committees, which can veto policies and have the right to inspect the company's books. For this, however, they will need direct instructions from a central committee. All privately owned monopolies, such as the International Telephone and Telegraph Company's Spanish subsidiary, the oil monopoly, etc., will be nationalized. The Bank of Spain, a privately owned institution similar to the Bank of France, is also to be nationalized. The government's educational plans call for 28,000 new schools in three years, of which more than 7,000 have been opened since last May. Education will be entirely in the hands of the State. The Church, which still controls about 50 percent of the educational institutions, resented this move and threatened to close its own schools. This the government answered with the threat of confiscation.

Constitutions, to be sure, are like vintage wines: the real test of their excellence is how they stand the passage of time. It is quite likely that some of the provisions of this document will never be put into effect, and others only partially so. It is also possible that another revolution, under Communist or near-Communist auspices, may sweep this paper program into the dustbin, where repose the relics of Alfonso's rule. For the present, however, it offers an excellent bench mark for the progress thus far made by the ruling forces in Spain in their progress from clericalism, reaction and royalty, towards genuine social and economic democracy.

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Will France Go Socialist?

TWO RECENT events have served to rivet attention upon French internal politics. The first is the postponement of the Lausanne conference on reparations until June, which was frankly done in order to put it after the French general election, and was obviously motivated, at least in part, by the expectation that the election would result in a substantial change in French policy. The second is the overthrow of the Laval government, which went down on a vote of no confidence in the Senate, at present dominated by the parties of the Left. These happenings make timely an attempt to answer the question: What will happen in the election, which will probably take place early in April? Will the country go Socialist, and if so, what effect will this have on France's all-important foreign policy?

Every well informed person knows of the great strides made by the Socialists in France during the past three years. Before the War, when Jean Jaurès was the leader of the united Socialist party, the greatest importance was attached to this most famous French orator of the twentieth century, but the party which he led was neglected. At the convention of Tours, held after the War, the separation between the Communists and the Socialists occurred, the latter refusing to follow blindly the orders of Moscow. The Socialist party was greatly weakened, but under the intelligent and extremely aggressive leadership of Léon Blum it has slowly regained its strength. It has been notable not only for the party discipline which its officials observed, but for the clarity and directness of its aims.

Before outlining the career and programs of the Socialist party in France, it is important to emphasize one of the most remarkable phenomena of French life, one which leads most frequently to serious errors on the part of foreign observers. During the last twenty-five years or so the character of the French press has been completely transformed. Formerly the newspapers were chiefly journals of opinion in which doctrines were discussed and political adversaries fought their duels. But nowadays the newspapers of large circulation put their chief emphasis on news, though at the same time always adopting the point of view of the government in power. Moreover, most of the smaller newspapers have passed into the hands of industrial or commercial groups or of political parties, which impose their special policies upon them. For these reasons the newspapers give little information on the real state of French opinion, a fact which the French public proves every four years when it goes to the polls. Actual public opinion in France can be discovered only at the time of general elections.

It is, then, from the election returns that we must seek to learn what the great majority of the French people think and wish. We can, of course, obtain no definite knowledge on this point before April, but we can gather useful signs of the direction of popular sentiment by observing the results of the special elections which occur whenever a Deputy resigns or dies. These special elections show that the Socialist party has been gaining votes steadily and in proportions which cause great anxiety to the other parties when they think of the approaching general election. What these special elections actually predict is that the French Socialist party will soon be one of the most powerful in the Chamber of Deputies—if not the most powerful—not only through the number of its elected deputies (it is believed that the party will obtain at least 200 seats out of 500), but also because of the party discipline which has characterized the Socialist party for the last six years.

At this point we must make an important distinction. During the last five years the party which was the most active of all before and shortly after the War has been on the decline. I speak of the Radical-Socialist party. In spite of its nomenclature, it is neither radical nor socialist. This faction represents the Center. Though many of its members are strongly attracted to the Socialist party, they not only refuse to accept Marxism and its consequences, but they often permit themselves to share political power with the reactionaries. The Radical-Socialists, for the most part, are politicians who intrigue to obtain power as often as possible. The Socialist party, on the other hand, by refusing to follow the Radical-Socialists into power at any cost, has shown that it feels the supreme importance of sticking to its principles.

To be sure, when one studies the Socialist party closely, one becomes aware of certain weaknesses. First we must point to the difficulty of its position. Its members are devout Marxists who are supported and elected by sections of the lower middle classes, peasants, small property owners and workers who are often tempted to go over to Communism. These influences in the party often make the leaders overcautious and sometimes force them into self-contradictory policies.

A second weakness derives from the fact that the European Socialists are not thoroughly united. The British Laborites, the German Social Democrats, the National Socialists of Czechoslovakia and the French Socialist party have drifted into adopting different and sometimes opposing attitudes, according to conditions in their own countries. As only one example, we may cite the coöperation between the German Social Democrats and the Center par-

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ties, and the refusal of the French Socialists to cooperate with the Center in their own country. To sum up: the French Socialists in their domestic policies have been obliged to be acquiescent, while in international affairs they have found it difficult to establish a connection with Socialist parties abroad and act in concert with them.

The position of the Socialist party is therefore paradoxical. The daily press, which, as I have said, presents public opinion but poorly, is bitterly opposed to the reforms proposed by the leaders of the party. A violent reaction against the Socialists by the parties of the Right is now indicated; but the bitterness of this reaction, born of fear, may prove self-defeating. The campaigns in the press and by means of public placards, the interference with public meetings, create an atmosphere of struggle which both serves to unite the Socialists against the common enemy and makes them tend also to seek alliance with the neighboring parties, the Radical-Socialists to the Right and the Communists to the Left.

With the general election approaching, an effort was recently made to change the electoral laws so as to obstruct the Socialists—an effort which was the immediate cause of M. Laval's defeat. But the Radical-Socialists, feeling themselves threatened by such tactics, decided not to oppose the Socialists' candidates with their own in districts where the former stood the best chance of winning, with the understanding that the same courtesies were to be extended to them elsewhere. Finally the Communists, under orders from Moscow and for the first time since the convention of Tours, decided upon a similar combination with the Socialists during the general election.

It is curious to note that the parties now in power have been forced by present conditions to carry out certain of the measures advocated by the Socialists. During the last year we have seen the French government compelled to intervene in industry and finance, and to interfere with the play of free competition in order to protect and even save from bankruptcy certain great shipping companies, certain banks and certain manufacturing companies. This tendency toward monopoly, or toward control by the State, is a symptom of the new era. The Socialists have not failed to emphasize the fact that the solutions which they first proposed are now considered the order of the day.

We cannot regard the domestic program of the Socialist party as being of more than a transitory nature, since the party itself has admitted that it is guided by current conditions which alone must determine its action, but there is another field in which the Socialist party does not hesitate to show its hand boldly. This is in its foreign policy. The man who is undeniably the guiding spirit of the Socialist party, Léon Blum, in a series of articles published in Le Populaire (the Socialist organ), has announced his point of view. He says:

> General disarmament is the condition, or at least one of the conditions, essential to the maintenance of the disarmament clauses incorporated in the peace treaties. It is the condition, or at least one of the conditions, essential to the peaceful revison of those same treaties, or to progressive and amicable readjustment to the normal life of Europe. It is the condition, or at least one of the conditions, essential to the economic organization of Europe according to a unified and harmonious plan. And it is the condition, or at least one of the conditions, essential to the certain functioning of arbitration and of the execution of arbitrated decisions; that is to say, the settlement of international disputes.

Blum is aware that much opposition would be encountered in executing such a program, both inside France and elsewhere. Nevertheless, it is toward the ultimate execution of this program that all the efforts of the Socialist party are directed. Outside of the ranks of the Socialists, his program of disarmament has found a sympathetic response among a great number of intellectuals and also among some leaders of industry, economists and politicians of other factions.

The Socialist party, of course, is bound to encounter great difficulties along the road; yet fate seems to be working in its behalf. The economic crisis which has cast a pall over Europe is now at last affecting France, and in the coming months many French voters who are still timid or dormant may be aroused to face squarely the whole disastrous situation into which Europe has plunged. Only when their particular interests are involved will the lethargic masses realize that desperate problems require a drastic, a truly radical, solution.

Paris. PHILIPPE SOUPAULT.

The Brookwaters

A walk above the waters' side,
None else to hearken there was come,
Where through haunt green and wellaway
I heard the low brook waters glide.
The heart rose stifling where it lay:
A voice dwelt there and was dumb.

The waters glided wellaway,
Hoar-fast hasting, jewel-swung,
And still that sound went breathing by
Of what they all at last would say:
An ear could over-catch the cry
Although not yet its tone was wrung.

How a life learns its will alone!
There moving by the waters' side
With every step my ear I bowed
And heard, from rift and runnel stone,
Away they told delight aloud,
Away it was the heart replied.

LÉONIE ADAMS.

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Goodbye to Mr. Raskob

THOSE who like at least the illusion of popular control in politics have waited nearly four years for the Democratic party to pay its debts to Mr. John J. Raskob and say goodbye to him as chairman of its National Committee. But the thing hasn't happened, and lately there are disquieting indications that the most compromising of situations, one-man control of a national political party by the whip-hand of money and credit, will last on into the coming campaign. If it does, there is additional prejudice to the country's chances of ridding itself of Hoover. Before the convention starts, before the platform is written or the candidate named, is the time for the Democratic party to bid farewell to Mr. Raskob.

Kept parties have been voted into power often enough, but not when the voters knew they were kept. That the Democratic party is a kept party today, kept by Mr. Raskob and his Tammany associates, and that the party's debts owing to or underwritten by its chairman have passed the $750,000 mark and are growing at the rate of $10,000 a month, is public knowledge. Yet party leaders have been complacent; until now it is probable that the organization, divided as it is, is financially unable to hand Mr. Raskob his money and his hat. He on his part, tempted by the prospect of dictating a platform, naming a candidate and perhaps running an administration, has connived rather than protested at the rising obligation.

The Democratic party's debt to Mr. Raskob is now the largest known political commitment in our history. It is nearly three times as large as the Republican "debt of gratitude" that gave us Teapot Dome. Nor is it an outright gift, one that might, for theory's sake, leave the party free. Mr. Raskob has given his party some money, but this is a living loan, an indeterminate mortgage—the sort of debt that reeks of obligation. The party's creditor, besides, is not a neutral banker, who might loan money at interest and let the management alone—no, Creditor Raskob is also National Chairman Raskob, the representative of one faction within the Democratic congeries, as interested and as influential a mortgage-holder as it is possible to conceive. The crux of the situation appears in this: that Mr. Raskob's own policies, as national chairman, have created the debts which he, as party "angel," has proceeded to assume. By a not dissimilar process in the world of finance, corporations have been led out into deep water, half-drowned, rescued through credit and kept by the heroic rescuers. The debts that Chairman Raskob was influential in incurring, Banker Raskob has taken up.

This process is seen in the record. Soon after National Committee, at Smith's urgent request—and after a considerable battle in the Biltmore Hotel—"drafted" Mr. Raskob of General Motors and du Pont gunpowder fame, and made him the party's head. Money was the winning argument; it overrode factional objections; Mr. Raskob, an "amateur in politics," was known as a wizard in finance. The Committee fixed $4,000,000 as the campaign budget, but Mr. Raskob's enthusiasm for electing his intimate friend rolled up the dizzy expenditure of $5,342,349—without authorization, it was said—and not only was Mr. Smith defeated, but there was a deficit of $1,500,000. The "man who made eighty millionaires" had left the party broke.

During a three months' "drive," in 1929, something over a million dollars was raised. Then the "drive" stopped, and it seems germane to inquire why it did. The stock-market crash was still in the future; those who were rich still felt rich. But the campaign itself had left the Democratic party torn to pieces. Victory might have assuaged the feelings of Democratic Drys, anti-Tammanyites, baiters and haters of Wall Street; but defeat emphasized the fact that Mr. Raskob was Wet, Catholic, a friend of friends of Tammany and emphatically a man of Wall Street. The hostile factions took the not inhuman position: "Raskob and Tammany ran up the deficit—let Tammany and Raskob pay it." They did pay part of it—but only part. Whether they could have paid it all must remain forever in the realm of guesswork. In the end there was left a note for $400,000, held by the County Trust Company of New York—a concern of which the late James J. Riordan was president, ex-Governor Smith a member of the board, and Mr. W. F. Kenny and Mr. Raskob himself directors—and the Democratic party's note was underwritten by Messrs. Riordan, Kenny and Raskob. Today, refinanced and with accrued interest, this debt amounts to $433,766.61.

The second, and younger, debt is owed by the party to Mr. Raskob directly. Here again, a Raskob policy created the obligation. No doubt it was, and is, an excellent policy. In the past, that "group of hostile, roving bands" which, as The New York Times once said, makes up the Democratic party, had come together only once in four years for campaign purposes. In the mid-year of 1929, at a dinner in Washington which was something of a triumph for the much-criticized chairman, there was launched the party's permanent Washington headquarters, with Mr. Jouett Shouse of Kansas in charge. That it won its spurs in the 1930 elections may be conceded; but how it was being

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for some time escaped attention. This headquarters organization has been supported by Mr. Raskob privately. It has cost about $10,000 a month —in 1931 he advanced $122,000. The party on New Year's Day owed Mr. Raskob, on this score, $354,250. The total amount which he has either underwritten or loaned outright was $779,106.61 on January 1. And the Democratic party is as truly kept as though its headquarters were an apartment on Park Avenue.

The central question as to this extraordinary situation is, of course, what strings are tied or may be tied to the mortgage. The Corrupt Practices Act, requiring (since the Harding scandals) publicity as to party finances, is based on the theory that such an obligation is *per se* a center of proper public suspicion. That theory arises from bitter American experience in the buying and selling of political wares. Even though the Democratic obligation to its chairman is open and perforce acknowledged, the query as to what use may be made of Mr. Raskob's credit mastery will not, and should not, down.

It was interesting to find The New York Times, rather recently, taking a contrary view. There is, it said editorially, "nothing sinister" about this debt. "It is as creditable and public-spirited a form of contribution [sic] as building a college library or endowing a foundation." But have not foundations at times affected academic freedom? And the outright gift, not the renewable mortgage, is the course of true philanthropy. This is not a "contribution"; even that would be open to the imputation of influence; this is a living debt, owed to the party's active manager. And The Times in fact went on to concede the essential point: "He [Mr. Raskob] is devoted to ex-Governor Smith and is credited with a willingness to spend much more to 'right the wrong of 1928.' Then he has soaring ideas about the tariff and prohibition, which, *through merit acquired by his generosity* and steadfastness in bleak Democratic weather, *he hopes to get into the party platform.*" That seems quite sufficient. If the party's "angel" wants to name the party's candidate and dictate its important policies, then creditorship does imply influence. And of course it does. The day it does not, American bankers will have retired to their proper position, quit meddling where they have mortgaged, and something like the millennium will have been reached.

If proof be needed that this debt already has exerted influence, there is the important fact that Mr. Raskob is still chairman of the Democratic National Committee—this after four years of party failures, fiascoes and controversies, such as would certainly have displaced anybody else. This may be stated quite objectively. The writer, who voted for Al Smith as did many other non-Catholics, largely out of protest against the filthy bigotry ugly charge of religious bias which Mr. Raskob has hurled at others who have written about this debt. The debt alone, with its influence upon party conduct, is here the issue. Time and again, for reasons that are good and sufficient in politics, strong elements within the Democratic party have cried out for Mr. Raskob's scalp; and their cries have been abnormally uninfluential. Money has talked more loudly than the protests.

Mr. Raskob has been a strange figure as chairman. He himself has written: "My lack of education in political matters makes politics difficult and unattractive to me," and the difficulty has been obvious. His career until 1928 dealt with stocks, not statecraft. After a public-school and business-college training, he became, at the age of twenty, the faithful secretary of Pierre S. du Pont at $1,000 a year. This became $3,000 when Mr. du Pont went to Wilmington as treasurer of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder Company. Mr. Raskob rose in the firm and began to play the market. In 1915 he bought a few shares of General Motors stock. When the Durant faction and the banking group in General Motors deadlocked, and Mr. Raskob and his employer went into a meeting having between them no more than 3,000 shares out of 160,000 outstanding, they came out with the corporation. Later, as the War enriched the powder concern, its surplus of $50,000,000 was invested in General Motors and, by the magic of the bull market, swelled to $800,000,000. Mr. Raskob had voted for Wilson during the War, but now he voted for Coolidge. Intensively playing the market and calling the turn unfailingly, he became a power and a legend in the Street.

That he was ardently Wet and a churchman who had given Wilmington parish $500,000 with another $500,000 contingently, is not criticized here; but these facts did put his selection as National Democratic Chairman in the direct line of attack. It was late in the Smith campaign that Mr. Raskob, exasperated beyond control, burst out, angrily and amazingly, on the religious issue. He drew down much condemnation—some said he defeated Smith—and thereafter he acquired the touch, in controversy, of a nervous majesty offended. Then came the defeat, the deficit, the fund-raising "drive," a recurrent raising of the sorest of issues, and, more recently, the whip-cracking endeavors to dictate the party's prohibition plank. And, in the background loomed Tammany, Wall Street, "big business." The longer Mr. Raskob has remained in office, the more remarkable has his continuation in power seemed. He has met none of the usual tests of fitness. The conclusion is inescapable that the mortgage, and nothing else, has kept him where he is.

Mr. Smith's candidacy now rounds out the picture. Mr. Raskob's economic and political ideas

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caliber of his statecraft may be briefly indicated. In a magazine article he wrote: "I am firm in my belief that anyone not only can be rich but ought to be rich." This in outlining a plan by which salary earners, by investing $15 a week in stocks, could presently amass $80,000. The New York Better Business Bureau promptly issued a guarded warning.

At a banquet in Washington, Mr. Raskob expounded a curious philosophy of a purely political revolution, that would result from either the strength or the weakness of political centralization —one cannot be sure which:

> The continuation of the tendency of the Republican party to centralize greater and greater power in Washington . . . is bound to result in a power so colossal as to be unwieldly and incapable of administration. The lack of respect for such a government, *and* the tyranny under which our people will have to live in consequence thereof, may well result in a revolution which will divide this country into two or three republics.

Even The Times called this a "gem of thought."

As to his background influences: It is doubtless true that the motor industry at present wishes the government to restrict its activities to a general upbuilding of foreign trade. But what might the gunpowder interests require or demand of the State Department? And always there are Tammany and Wall Street, whose ramifications and political desires are endless. For these reasons the party should say goodbye to Mr. Raskob before the Democratic convention assembles in June.

The mechanism of the farewell exists. This is the "Democratic Victory Fund," at present being solicited by a corporation in the Empire State Building. The $1,500,000 which it is trying to raise would pay off Mr. Raskob, leaving candidates and issues in the clear. Will the fund be raised? Or will the "hostile, roving bands" again "leave it to Tammany and Raskob"? Or will some other ambitious investor or syndicate seize this fine opportunity to take over a national political party at the mortgage price, seeing its debts have made democracy for sale?

ERNEST JEROME HOPKINS.

War with Japan?

OBSERVERS report an ominous change in official Washington's attitude towards war in the Far East. Six weeks ago you could not have heard a whisper of war talk around the State, War and Navy Building. Officials said frankly: "We cannot take a strong line towards Japan; the country would never stand for it." Nowadays it is easy in Washington to hear war talk. Officials say: "Until Japan bombed Shanghai, the American people had no interest in the Orient. Now, thank God, the country is beginning to get behind us."

According to the best opinion in Washington, the Hoover administration at the present time is wavering among three possible attitudes toward Japan. The first is that Japan economically is in no condition to undertake long continued, exhausting campaigns in Manchuria and China proper. Japan is now maintaining about 125,000 men on the Asiatic mainland. This costs money, which must eventually come from increased taxes. The Japanese merchant class is alarmed by the mounting governmental deficit, is anxious for peace with China and the ending of the anti-Japanese boycott, and is traditionally hostile to the militarists. Consequently, once Japan wins a victory at Shanghai (this being necessary for Japan's "face") the merchant class will prevent further aggression, just as in 1927 it revolted against Baron Tanaka's military adventures in Shantung, and drove him and the Seiyukai party from power.

This is one point of view. Another is that the merchant class is divided, and that the peace faction, especially since the downfall of the Wakatsuki-Shidehara Cabinet in December, has been steadily dwindling in prestige and influence. Within Japan itself there is nowhere a force sufficient to curb the militarists. However, Japan does not dare defy both the United States and England simultaneously. If America and England can manage to find a common Far Eastern policy, and present a united front to Japan, the Japanese Elder Statesmen will grow alarmed and compel the militarists to subside. This point of view is behind the sending of our fleet to hold maneuvers off Hawaii, and behind the frequently heard exclamation: "If the British only had their fleet at Singapore now, there'd be no more nonsense from the Japs."

The third point of view is based on the conviction that the political situation in Japan has changed very rapidly, and that Japan is now in fact being governed by a miltary junta, composed of young, extremist army officers. This army group believes Japan's destiny is to rule over Manchuria, China and Siberia, but that the Great Powers, and specifically the United States, will not permit this without a war. Therefore they intend to seize not merely Shanghai, but the whole rich Yangtse Valley, assuring themselves of supplies of coal, iron and other important raw materials, in preparation for the inevitable war with America which they foresee within six months or a year. You will, of course

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recognize this as the orthodox, william-randolph-hearstian doctrine of the Yellow Peril. Nevertheless, high officials of our State Department believe that it accurately represents Japan's present ambitions.

All negotiations between the United States and Japan are at a standstill. Baron Shidehara, the person most trusted and respected by our State Department, is in disgrace and ill. Former Finance Minister Inouye, also widely trusted in America, was murdered a few days ago by a Japanese "patriot." In the present Cabinet, Takahashi is the only first-rate, responsible figure. Because Takahashi opposed the sending of army reënforcements to Shanghai, his position in the government has become more or less precarious. The result is that our State Department professes to feel that it now has no one with whom to negotiate. Our relations with Japan grow steadily worse, and nothing is being done to mend them.

By Japanese tradition, final authority in Japan is supposed to rest with the Elder Statesmen around the Emperor's person, who are supposed to be a conservative force. Last October, however, there was a brief revolt in the Japanese army, and it is now definitely known that a group of young officers plotted to assassinate Baron Makino, chief functionary of the Imperial Household. Certain American diplomatic experts believe that, although the army still has fanatical, semi-religious loyalty to the Emperor himself, any effort by the Elder Statesmen to intervene on the side of prudence and peace in the present crisis might bring about a palace revolution.

Imperialist diplomacy has rules like any other game. One is that governments, however much they may make faces at each other in public, should be willing to talk things over privately with some degree of frankness. Otherwise, how are "compensations" to be arranged, and guarantees given? Japan is not holding conversations with the United States, nor, as far as is known, with any other Great Power. More and more frequently in Washington you hear Japan referred to as "a mad dog."

The one very important new element in the Far Eastern situation is the progress being made toward an English-American "united front." Apparently it has not been an easy task. The United States and England are rivals in China, and have been for years. There is also an element in the British Tory party which has long been acutely jealous of America, and half-regretful that England ever surrendered its alliance with Japan. During the last week, however, it is a fair guess that Colonel Stimson has talked at least once every day by trans-Atlantic telephone with Sir John Simon at Geneva. There is good reason to think that the two nations have finally arrived at a thoroughgoing, detailed understanding. Will this English-American entente frighten Japan's military leaders into making [illegible] October. If it is now true that they have come to believe in an inevitable war with America, it is just as likely to drive them to more and more frenzied aggression.

At the present time the British Foreign Office is preoccupied with Europe. Because of financial, commercial and political considerations of the most vital kind, England must somehow prevent the collapse of Germany, and the perpetuation of France's hegemony of Continental Europe. England does not want war in the Far East. As an English diplomat explained in discussing the bombardment of Shanghai: "We know the barn is burning down, but you cannot expect us to take the fire engines away from the front door." The English fleet, in other words, must stay at Malta, and must not go to Singapore.

It has been sheer luck that no live Japanese bomb has yet struck in the American and English sectors of the Shanghai International Settlement. It will be a miracle if, sooner or later, Americans and Britishers are not mistreated or even killed. The English government, as we have just seen, is not now ready for war. Neither does Mr. Hoover want war. But the materials for another world conflict lie all heaped together at Shanghai, and in Washington and London, day by day, a vast, pervading war atmosphere is being permitted to grow.

It is perhaps worth adding that, as far as Washington is concerned, it is professed advocates of peace—those who are now asking strong measures against Japan by the League of Nations and the United States—who are doing as much as anyone to strengthen this war spirit. Theirs is almost the only articulate popular opinion reaching the government. Each time there is a demand for the imposition of an economic boycott against Japan, the men in the squat, bepillared State, War and Navy Building beyond the White House cry out: "See, we have the country behind us."

JONATHAN MITCHELL.

The Wound

Great stars drift over.
The forest is cold. The snow
Drives the wild deer to cover.
Spring died long ago.

No sound save the sound
In the deep heart survives
Of morning, of love. The wound
Wearies, but Time contrives

An echo, a dream, in the waste,
Of the rich voice, like fruit
That plays upon the taste
With memory of the root.

HAROLD LEWIS COOK

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Kentucky Coal Town

WE WENT into Kentucky because we were told that the local authorities were interfering with relief to the striking miners. Our expedition, we decided, would have three simple aims. First, we would distribute several tons of food which we would buy in Knoxville with funds raised chiefly by ourselves. Second, we would try to open channels through which regular supplies of food and clothing—to be furnished by the Workers' International Relief—could reach the miners without interference. Third, our visit would be a test of whether the miners' rights as American citizens were being violated.

In our first aim we were largely successful. The three truckloads of food we carried into Pineville reached the people for whom they were intended, in spite of the most aggressive interference by local officials and mine guards. Exception must be made for the last two or three hundred pounds of salt pork, which were stolen by a deputy sheriff at the point of a gun. Exception must also be made for a fourth truck loaded with clothing which had been collected, I believe, in Cincinnati. This truck was supposed to join our party, but reached Pineville an hour ahead of time. It was boarded by deputies and driven eight miles out of town along a dirt road, where it was overturned; we heard later that the driver was shot and wounded. What happened to the clothing, I do not know.

In our second aim we met with complete failure. As for our third aim, we learned conclusively that neither the miners nor those who attempt to help them have any legal rights in the Kentucky coal regions. We ourselves were continually guarded by deputies, taken to the police station twice for no reason whatever, and finally kidnaped by a mob of night riders working in connivance with local officials. We spent exactly ten hours in Bell County, and nine hours in the county seat. You can't learn much about any district in that space of time. But thanks to the solicitous attentions of the authorities, we learned as much about Bell County as it is possible to learn in ten hours.

We learned first of all—and this was our most lasting impression—that class warfare is raging nakedly in southwestern Kentucky. Usually, in the United States, the class struggle is more definite in theory than in practice. There are usually rich men who take the side of the workers—to a certain point—and poor men who expect to be rich tomorrow, and between them a vast number of citizens who consider themselves to be neither poor nor rich, exploiters nor exploited. But in Bell County today there are only two classes, and a state of armed warfare between them.

On the one side are the coal operators, the doctors and lawyers employed by the coal operators, the merchants who depend on their trade, the county officials whom they keep in office—in general all the respectable elements of the community. On the other side are the miners. On the one side are almost all the inhabitants of the county seat; on the other side are the people who live in mining camps, clusters of miserable cabins far back in the hills. The mountain farmers are theoretically apart from the struggle, but they are drawn into it either by their friendship for the miners or else by being hired as mine guards. It is a battle in which everyone must take his stand; there is no compromise. Whatever is black to one class is white to the other; whoever brings relief to the miners is an enemy of the operators—and they run him out of town.

The causes of the struggle lie, of course, in the general disorganization of the coal industry. The operators can unite against the miners; they cannot unite among themselves to set fair prices or prevent overproduction. Bituminous coal, under present conditions, might be described as a sub-capitalistic industry. It has not even a market in which prices can be regulated by supply and demand, by selling or buying against future deliveries. A bushel of wheat or barley in Chicago, a bale of cotton, a pound of copper in New York: all these have their quotations in good years and bad years alike. This winter a ton of bituminous coal in Kentucky has no quotation whatever. It brings the lowest price that the buyer, now undisturbed by competition, can force upon a mob of competitive sellers.

Let any buyer register at a hotel in one of the Kentucky coal towns, and the fine unity of the operators immediately disappears. This time they do not gather to discuss what measures are to be taken, what mine guards to be hired or machine guns to be placed, what instructions to be given the judges, prosecutors and sheriffs. Instead they slink off to meet the buyer, one by one, each offering a lower price, until the coal has been sold at a figure far below the cost of production. That cost must then be reduced—and accordingly they cut the miner's pay, or give him false weight at the company scales, or charge him higher prices for beans and lard at the company store.

Wages in the Kentucky coal fields have long since reached a level which seems incredible to the rest of the country. Our own committee, of course, had no opportunity to investigate this subject, but we did manage to ask some questions. "The last day Jim worked," one woman told me, "he earned eighty-six cents in ten hours. They took out thirty-

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three cents for Jim and me and the four kids."—"It was fifty-three cents in scrip?" I asked. "Yes, sir, it was scrip good only at the company store, and worth about sixty or seventy cents on the dollar."

We can take for granted that Jim's earnings for the last day before he went on strike were the equivalent of forty cents in United States currency. He had been working three days a week, some days drawing a little more, so that his weekly wage, in cash, was between $1.20 and $1.50. From conversation with other miners, I gained the impression that this figure was low but not exceptional. Many miners have been working two days a week; few have been working more than four. Two or three dollars weekly would be average earnings.

The deductions are supposed to pay for such items as sharpening tools, a hospital and burial fund, medical service (which is given grudgingly), coal (the one thing given generously), light (when any of it is furnished) and house rent. The houses —I visited many of them in La Follette, Tennessee, where the same living standards prevail—are unplastered shacks with leaking roofs. "A woman can't sweep the lint out of the door," one miner said. "It all goes down through the cracks in the floor. You don't have to open the door to let the cat in—he comes in through the holes in the wall." As for food, there's isn't much a family can buy with two or three dollars a week. Most of the miners live on soup beans and cornbread, with perhaps a thin gravy of cornmeal and lard poured over the bread. Many of the starvation-induced diseases—pellagra, rickets and especially dysentery, the "bloody flux"—are prevalent among their families. The coal operators themselves are not any too prosperous, but they manage to dress well and drive their families round in Packards.

I don't mean to imply that the operators are steel-hearted monsters. They are patriotic citizens of the highest standing; they contribute to local charities; many of them assert that they have kept their mines open at considerable sacrifice to themselves, in order to provide work for their employees. All of them say that they have been losing money these last three years. They would pay higher wages if they could afford to do so, but they won't deny a car to the wife or new clothes to the children in order that a miner's wife who lives at the forks of the creek, or a miner's children whom nobody ever sees, can eat three times a day.

In such a crisis, the class struggle is inevitable. The operators are defending their own standard of living. The miners are striking, fundamentally, for the right to eat. The operators have everything on their side—money, arms, the press, the public opinion of the "better elements," and especially the law, which is their own law. The miners have only their union, and they fight for it single-mindedly, in spite of all the weapons used against them.

Guns are the most conspicuous of these weapons, though I doubt that they are the most effective. Since the War I have never seen so many guns as are now displayed in Bell County. Driving into Pineville gave exactly the same feeling as driving northward from a French railhead, in 1917, toward the front-line trenches. There was an armed force of deputies waiting to meet us at the city line. There were other deputies mingled with the crowd of miners that had gathered in the courthouse square. We stopped outside the office of W. J. Stone, the local attorney for the miners, and went upstairs to consult with him. "Don't stand too near the window," someone said. "They've got needle guns pointed this way." I looked across the street. In the third story windows of the courthouse, commanding the crowd of miners below us, I could see the black muzzles of machine guns. I began to feel that bringing food to the Kentucky miners was like picking daisies in No Man's Land.

In Bell County today, there is no central warehouse where relief supplies can be stored and regularly distributed. Outside relief workers, if they attempt to help the miners, are driven out of the state or indicted for criminal syndicalism; at present there are six of them in the Pineville jail. Trucks loaded with food are hijacked, or mysteriously overturned, or simply turned back at the state line. Relief supplies still trickle into the two counties, in spite of every effort to stop them, but they must be brought in quietly, almost furtively, at constant risk of confiscation.

The coal operators, I believe, are afraid to announce openly that no food can be given to the miners; even their friends in Pineville would disapprove of such a step. They claim to be doing their own relief work through the Red Cross and through a local committee. They are helping many unemployed families, even strikers' families, they say; no outside help is needed. The miners themselves are bitter about the Red Cross—"Try and get help for me or my family there and see what the Red Cross tells you." They are depending chiefly on the supplies sent in by the International Workers' Relief. As long as they and their families can get food—"not enough to live on," they said, "but just enough to breathe on"—they will carry on the strike. And starvation, whether followed as an open policy or achieved by secret terrorism, is probably the operators' surest weapon against them.

Propaganda is also a weapon of some value, though its chief effect is on the operators themselves. Substantially, they argue as follows: The National Miners' Union is connected with the Communist party; therefore every member of the union, and everyone who seeks to aid the miners in any fashion, is a dangerous Communist. The Communists do not believe in God and seek to overthrow the United States government; therefore the operators are performing their duty as patriotic American citizens when they combat the miners by every means in their power, legal or illegal. No

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weapon, in fact, is illegal when used in a noble cause like this. "No Communist," said Cleon Calvert, attorney for the Straight Creek Coal Company, a man who impressed us as being the real boss of the town, "has any constitutional rights in Bell County." From this it follows that no miner or relief worker has any constitutional rights: free speech, free assemblage, habeas corpus, all have been quietly suspended. "Well," said a tall operator with a mouth like a steel trap, "this is another war."

On this question of civil rights, our own experience offers eloquent testimony. Directly after our conference with Attorney Stone, we went to see the mayor of Pineville, Dr. J. M. Brooks, with whom we had been in correspondence. He told us to wait for an hour. When we explained that our trucks would shortly arrive, and that we were afraid they would be run out of town by the deputies, he promised to see us in twenty minutes at the Pineville Hotel, saying that he had a patient and must attend to him immediately. The patient turned out to be twenty-five patients—the leading merchants, professional men and coal operators, whom the mayor had hastily assembled as his advisers.

There followed the strangest meeting in which I have ever taken part. With Waldo Frank acting as our spokesman, we presented our requests; they were modest ones. We wished to take our trucks to the relief warehouse, not knowing that it had been closed; we wished to unload them there and distribute our food to the miners who had come into town to meet us; we wished to consult with the miners, hear their grievances, if any, and learn whether relief supplies intended for their use had been prevented from reaching them. We had been advised that these requests were within our constitutional rights; the mayor refused them.

We said that we were determined to obey not only the laws of Kentucky but also the commands of the local officials, even though we knew them to be illegal. A coal operator delivered a speech on Bolshevism. Another operator asked Waldo Frank whether he had registered for the draft in 1917. A third operator said that the meeting was no good anyway, and everybody started to leave. At the door, Mayor Brooks informed us that if we attempted to distribute any food in Pineville, we would be arrested. He walked out into the lobby of the hotel, then came darting back to tell us that if we held any sort of meeting in Pineville, whether on the public highways or in a vacant lot rented by ourselves, we would be arrested. And he continued his astonishing series of prohibitions, stepping out into the lobby after each of them, like a frightened actor who must disappear into the wings after every speech to be freshly prompted. We must not talk with the miners or we would be arrested. We must not print or distribute any handbills or we would be arrested. We must not invite any miners to our rooms in the hotel, or we would be arrested for holding a meeting. If we wished to distribute our food, it would be necessary to obtain the permission of the county attorney, and he, Mayor Brooks, doubted that this would be granted.

Meanwhile the coal operator with a steel-trap mouth came striding up. "I admire your nerve," he said, "in coming here where you don't know anything about conditions or the feeling of the people. If you don't watch out, you'll find out how ugly we can be—and I don't care if your stenographer takes that down."—"That goes for me too," said several of the others.

Eight hours later, after we had spent a busy day in Pineville, the operators carried out their threat. We had visited County Attorney Smith and received his permission to distribute the food outside the city limits, provided there be no speaking. Two of our number, Doris Parks and Harold Hickerson, had been jailed for talking to the miners; having stayed with the trucks, they had not heard of the prohibitions laid upon us. A young miner who also attempted to speak had been chased with drawn guns by Deputy Sheriff John Wilson, but had escaped into the crowd. A deputy had beaten another miner, whom we later saw in Mr. Stone's office, his arms blue-black and swollen like toy balloons, his bruised lips moving as he tried to tell his story.

Our baggage had been searched in the police station, where the most incriminating document discovered in our possession was a bulletin of the Foreign Policy Association, over which four men puzzled for half an hour. Then, at ten-thirty in the evening, after several of us had gone to bed, we had all been arrested. In the police court half an hour later, the prosecutor moved that the charge against us—disorderly conduct in a public place—be dismissed "for lack of prosecution." We began to be uneasy, to suspect that we had been gathered together for some purpose, but we were simply told to return to the hotel. Here, in the lobby, we were met by an armed mob of deputies, coal operators and merchants—"night riders and citizens," they called themselves—and told that we were being driven out of the state; if we ever returned it would be at our own risk.

There is something dreamlike about an event like this, something deadening to the will; it is like being wheeled into an operating room; there is nothing you can do about it. They force you out of the hotel; they order you into a car; the procession moves out of town. The headlights undulate through the Kentucky hills, sometimes leaving the road to illuminate a leafless patch of mountainside or a black corner of the sky. "This is some motorcade," said the young coal operator at the wheel. "I wouldn't have missed this motorcade for ten years of my life."

I wondered what would be done to us. "If they beat me I'll scream," I said to myself. "It's no good fighting back. The only way to stop them is to scream as loud as you can."

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son guarded us; there were two men and a girl in the front seat. The driver was talkative. "You sure would have plugged that miner today, John, if you got a fair shot at him. It was a pity he got away in the crowd."—"I'll fix him the next time I see him," John Wilson said. "I'll take him to jail or I'll kill him." Our car moved on through the night. We stopped at a filling station for gas and John Wilson bought us each a bottle of Coca Cola, finishing his own bottle at a gulp and wiping the last drops of it from the long drooping ends of his mustache.

"They shot one of those Bolsheviks up in Knox County this morning, Harry Sims his name was," the driver said as we hurried to join the rest of the procession. "The deputy knew his business. He didn't give the red neck a chance to talk, he just plugged him in the stomach. We need some shooting like that down here in Pineville. . . . Say," he burst out, "they're striking down at my place. They talk about having a picket line. Let me tell you, I've got eight men with rifles waiting on the hill, and if any red neck tries to picket my mine, he's going to be dead before he knows it. . . . Listen, I want to ask you a question. Do you two fellows believe in a Supreme Being?"

By this time the long procession—eleven cars in front of ours and one or two behind—had left the valley of the Cumberland and was climbing into the Gap. At the Kentucky line, there is a sort of paved semicircle, where motorists can stop to enjoy the view of three states; here the motorcade halted. After a short delay, Quincy and I were told to get out of the car; somebody ordered the lights to be turned out; there were people moving in the darkness. Suddenly, ten yards away, I heard a scream, low, piercing, continued.

The story of the beating has been told too often, rightly and wrongly, to be repeated. Looking back on it, I am convinced that it was a conspiracy within a conspiracy. It was carried out deliberately, yet many people in this prosperous mob neither knew of it in advance nor approved of it afterwards. Waldo Frank was magnificently calm about the whole affair; he did not realize the extent of his wounds till they were dressed. It was Taub who screamed and possibly saved the lives of both of them.

They released us soon afterwards, with a few insults; they released us after searching our baggage once more for motion-picture films and confiscating a blank reel from the camera man. We walked toward the town, a mile below us in Tennessee. Just beyond the Kentucky line, a cast-iron tablet has been placed to record the history of Cumberland Gap. In the glare from the headlights of the motorcade, I could read the letters clearly. They told how the Gap had been discovered, I think in 1752; how it became a station on the Wilderness Trail; how Daniel Boone passed through it in 1769; how thousands of settlers came settled regions of Virginia and Carolina northward and westward through the Kentucky mountains; how the Gap was taken by a Union army. . . . I wanted to copy it all down, but I made too good a target, standing there in the headlights outlined against a white tablet; it was no use getting shot now that everything was over. I walked down the Tennessee side of the mountain, thinking of all the men in fringed buckskins and coonskin caps who had followed this trail into Kentucky, hoping to find freedom and free land. There is no free land into which their descendants can move today, one by one, with rifles on their shoulder. If they want freedom they have to stay in one place and organize and fight for it.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Washington Notes

Myths about Mr. Hoover—Why Uncle Andy Goes to London—Uninstructed Delegates and Prohibition

IT IS CURIOUS what conflicting reports are spread around Washington regarding Mr. Hoover. For generations, I suppose, the same sort of stuff has been part of the Capital's conversational currency about Presidents, and particularly about Presidents who have the misfortune to inhabit the White House during a period of depression or have a long run of hard luck. There seem, however, to be more varieties of this tittle-tattle about Hoover than about any other man in his position whom I can recall. Probably the reason is that his run has been longer and harder and his depression deeper than those of any other President.

There is not space here to give many examples of what I mean, but two will serve to present the contrast. There is, first, the story which I have heard a dozen times the last week about the close Republican friend who spent the night at the White House. After dinner, when he and Mr. Hoover were alone, the President said to him, "You are my friend. I want you to tell me the truth. Can I be reëlected?" To this, the friend sorrowfully replied, "I must be frank with you, Mr. President. You have not got a chance of reëlection," and then to his intense embarrassment he saw great tears trickling down the presidential cheeks. He was weeping.

That is one story. The other is of the friend, equally close and prominent, to whom Mr. Hoover said after dinner: "Baker will be the candidate against me and I will be reëlected without much of a fight. I don't care a damn about being President another four years, but in my second term, if I do nothing else, I will clear the way to kick this prohibition business out of politics for good and all."

Now, of course, neither of these stories is true. Anyone who stops to think them over knows they are not true. Those who know Mr. Hoover know that he neither talks nor acts that way—that the first is not the sort of question he would ask a friend and the second is not the sort of statement he would make to one, and that the tear drops are simply a malicious touch put in to make the story good.

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them, and it astonishes me how many people believe them both.

The truth about Mr. Hoover, I think, is that while he is still the deeply earnest man he has always been, he has lost neither his sense of realities nor his sense of humor. He can—and does—discuss his own unpopularity, and the dismal outlook for Republican success, with entire calm and in a reasonably detached manner. The most reliable information is that he has developed a philosophic armor in the past few months which renders him far less sensitive either to criticism or small annoyances than formerly. One notices this particularly in his present dealings with Senators and members of the House. He is, I believe, having far more success with them this session than last, and his urbanity is not as easily disturbed. For example, there is the incident of the somewhat intoxicated son of a Republican congressman who called up the White House one night and told one of the secretaries exactly what he thought of Hoover and the way he was running the country. This, I am told, considerably amused Mr. Hoover when he heard of it, though it greatly upset the secretariat, which thought it an outrage.

Though I was greatly surprised, along with nearly everyone else, at the selection of Mellon, Mr. Hoover has bettered the relations between his administration and Congress by transplanting the gilded and probably still slightly glamorous Andrew from the Treasury Department to London. Wholly aside from the fact that Mr. Mellon had been chiefly a symbol and a figurehead for the past four years, he was the cause of a great deal of unnecessary friction with Congress. Mr. Mills will get along a lot better. Rich though he is, there is not behind him that vast Mellon fortune, with its enormous ramifications, to arouse resentment and tempt the political sharpshooters. And, of course, the blood pressure of Senator Couzens has been greatly lowered since the transfer.

As I gather the facts, the august Andrew was more or less pushed into this new post. At first he did not want to go at all, and it took much pressure and no little persuasion from various sources before he made up his mind. Undoubtedly, one of the things which finally determined him was the thought of the attacks on him, then in full blast in both House and Senate—one side trying to impeach him and the other trying to exhibit him as having performed various nefarious, not to say traitorous, acts. After he had passed his feeling that he was too old to go to London, and after the family arrangements for handling the social end had been worked out, the idea began really to appeal to him. It certainly appealed to Mr. Hoover, whose friends contend that this was one of the happiest ideas he has had since he became President. As a matter of fact, however, it was not entirely his own idea. It originated in a source outside the White House, and outside the Treasury Department as well. But when the suggestion was made, the White House seized upon it with poorly disguised eagerness.

So far as administration politics are concerned, there have been no important developments recently and none is likely for some time. The acquiescence in the inevitability of Hoover's renomination ha[illegible] pect of anything like formidable organized opposition has diminished. However, the gratification of Hoover's managers over the inability of the progressives to unite upon a candidate against him is considerably tempered by the habit, which is spreading among the regular Republicans, of choosing uninstructed delegates. These uninstructed delegations will be for Hoover—in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and elsewhere—because there is nowhere else to go. None the less, the fact that they are unpledged is distinctly uncomplimentary to the President, displeasing to his managers, and not without significance. Significant, too, I think, is the decision not to enter him in the primaries here and there. That fits in, I suppose, with Hoover's announcement that he would give no thought to politics; but it also fits in with the idea that he is creeping up on the nomination, instead of going out and grasping it. Uninstructed delegations are certainly no evidence of popularity within the party. Rather are they unmistakable evidence of the distaste of the regular leaders in these states for a Dry candidate, and an indication that there is among them a certain hope that their candidate either will be forced to lean toward their side of the prohibition issue—or will not be a candidate. There is some slight chance of the first hope being realized. There is none whatever of the second.

Washington. T. R. B.

Mrs. Fiske

I HEARD an old actor once, who had been in plays with Mrs. Fiske when she was a girl, say that her talent was for soubrette parts; and it is possible that the period of her gayest and fullest performances was before the nineties, when her interest turned toward more and more ambitious and serious drama. Certainly in many of her performances of later years there were moments that shone and fluttered with a wit and an infectious comedy, a waggery and impishness and sauce, that were irresistible. Whenever I saw these moments in Mrs. Fiske's playing, I thought of what her old friend had said and wondered if, despite some of her fine and very noble tragic passages, he had not been right.

Those were the days when, having played the Duke of York under Richard III, Mary Morgan in "Ten Nights in a Barroom," Sybil in "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing," Prince Arthur and many another juvenile part, she passed on to Chip in "Fogg's Ferry"—that was at the old Abbey's Theatre, in 1882—Mary Baxter in Howard Taylor's "Caprice," Mila in "Mila, Queen of Natchez," Alice Glendenning in Steel Mackaye's adaptation from Sardou's "Andrea," and other roles mocked or praised as they came forth at the hands of this Miss Minnie Maddern, who even then, whatever else, could not be ignored.

The most important period undoubtedly in this long career of more than sixty years, came when the actress, after two years' retirement, returned to the stage as Mrs. Fiske. There begins here one of the finest and boldest records in the history of our American theatre. You saw then Nora in "The Doll's House," Cyprienne in Dumas' "La Femme de Claude," Hardy's Tess, Magda, Gilberte

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Heyse's play, Hedda Gabler, Cynthia Karslake in "The New York Idea," Rebecca West in "Rosmersholm," Hauptmann's Hannele, Della Bumpstead-Leigh, and later on, among many others, such a role as Juliet Miller in "Erstwhile Susan," played beyond any player in the theatre anywhere in such a part.

Recent years have seen Mrs. Fiske going on gallantly with her ventures, too long at it perhaps, too tired, to struggle any more against this wrong or that in the theatre's organization, or to conjure up new studies among dramas or to champion forward movements. Only at intervals in her playing these last few years have I seen her very good. Her gift was so inner and so bound up with her own self and physical being that a mere continuation, such as Bernhardt could contrive, through technical security and magnetic force, was not possible for her. The best passages in her acting these last years have been, I think, certain quiet flashes, certain pauses in all movement, some projection of herself busy with some element she found in the scene; in these Mrs. Fiske was apart from all our other actors and not to be analyzed or explained, the old magnetism and difference were unstaled and more elusive than ever.

The rest of her playing was apt to be blurred. Excellent chances in the scene were thrown away. Intellectually the portrayal was not interesting. Nor did playwrights come forward with vehicles that would have shown to the full what there was left of the best of her.

You could not say that Mrs. Fiske was an intellectual woman. And the education she had she gathered for herself in the theatre and in the world of life and art. In many ways, obviously, this is the best sort of education to have, but it remains irregular and has thus its price. In a sense Mrs. Fiske was a blunderer through drama and acting, shrewd, vague, at once luminous and shy, full of stubborn convictions, secret and visionary thought, good causes. From such aspects of her arose that kind of powerful pathos and conviction that her audience felt, and the flower of her strange charm. She had a sort of fluttering and mystical perception that could break you down even when the technical execution appeared to falter and torture itself. I have seen her nearing a remarkable effect, go straight toward it, and then at the very last second lose it through some mere uncertainty of tone or some muffing of enunciation. And I have seen her, out of a kind of chopping mêlée, strike suddenly with such depth and such fixed and secure revelation as nobody on our stage can achieve. Her taste was uncertain, in plays, in costume, in roles, in stage business. It was not the bad taste that proceeds from bad elements inside us, but rather an absence of distinguished choice. When she was elegant or brilliant, it was an elegance or brilliance that derives from character and private distinction and sincerity. The kind of authority she had was entirely her own.

I have seen Mrs. Fiske when nobody could deny that she was a great actress; but I never had from her that pleasure that comes from being present at some high, rich, complete art. And yet of all the actresses I have seen out of America, England, France, Italy, Germany and Russia, she is one of the five or six that I should rather have seen. [illegible] nevertheless, we must not let such an instance lead our theory astray. Mrs. Fiske had little good looks, never learned to walk, to have the free use of her throat, though she had two voices, both engaging, or to enjoy any secure enunciation, though here and there she could say a speech unforgettably. This does not prove that such elements are of no matter, not at all, but only that such a human being as Mrs. Fiske can either use his own peculiar and more or less lacking endowments to his own ends or can carry us in spite of the lack. Culturally, too, Mrs. Fiske went forward through her own search and intensity of conviction rather than through scope of understanding or any knowing range in the qualities of art. You have only to read, for example, some of the things she used to say about the theatre of shine and show, laugh-getting and unquenchable vanity, or to read what she used to say about Ibsen, to see how her early days in the raw roaring theatre had filled her with escape, perhaps, or led her to react from it into a sort of provincial seriousness, or whatever it was that kept her back from what is golden enchantment and flowing movement and magnificent mood in the theatre. She used to say, and thought she thought, that the deepest tragedy was the stiff upper lip, the brave smile facing the dark moment and so on, rather than what she called outer emotionalism; she pronounced that doctrine more than once. It was a notion natural to her, and a theory close to her artistic conscience; clearly it has its own truth. But it is equally clear that in great art, as art parallels biological life, the inner and the outer achieve a just relation in which the size and outline of the external varies with the dimension and character of the inner, and that it is the outward expression which finally establishes the plane on which the emotion is to dwell—something as Pascal intended when he said: "A meaning changes according to the words that express it. Meaning receives dignity from words, instead of giving words dignity." Pascal also said, "Eloquence is a painting of thought and thus those who after painting add more to it, make a picture instead of a portrait." Something of that second part of the sentence was what Mrs. Fiske sought to avoid; she wanted nothing spoiled with vanity and ornament. But in a sense the first part of the sentence she did not know; and it is strange, though some of her hold and intensity derived from this very fact, that an artist who was so magnanimous in her nature could in her art so fear magnificence. "As a rule," Pascal says again, "we persuade ourselves more by the reasons we have found out for ourselves than by those that have occurred to other people." Mrs. Fiske sought her own findings. She was one of those artists in whom the antithesis of goodness is never any evil, but rather some weakness.

The ending to many notices of people after death is so silly that I should like to stop here, but that the last word would then be negative in its tone. And I could not say why I feel so like bringing Pascal in; it is doubtless some sense of doing honor. I think of Mrs. Fiske as a figure in our theatre whose life was in it through the years but also always private to herself, and that what we got on the stage was only, to use a phrase of Duse's, the old boards of herself. "It is well," Pascal says, "to be wearied and fatigued by the quest of the true good, so that we may stretch out our arms to the deliverer." STARK YOUNG.

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International Painting Match

BY HANGING the pictures of eleven modern French and eleven modern American artists in a common exhibition, the Reinhardt Galleries have provided our public with a somewhat dramatic spectacle. The affair has already been alluded to in the press as a sort of esthetic football match or tug-of-war. Whatever may be the contrasts or the implicit questions designedly hurled at us by the Reinhardt show of "Twenty-two Important Contemporary Paintings," they do come, significantly enough, at a time of grave debate over, first, the existence of an "American school" and, second, its comparative merits from the point of view of the collector and patron.

Before attempting to answer such world-shaking questions I should like to state here my sincere disbelief that we shall ever witness such intense nationalistic rivalry in art as may be observed, for instance, in naval science. Artists as a class are singularly innocent of racial or geographical prejudice, and have since olden times tended to join in a League of Nations of their own and observe the fullest free trade in ideas. The great French school of today is enriched by Catalonian, Italian and Polish-Jewish talent; the modern American by our own famous racial amalgam. But in assuming, at all events, that the Reinhardt Galleries' stunt may be in some wise illuminating, we must proceed with reservations upon the adequacy of the selections made. The pictures hung are thoroughly representative of neither camp, although we certainly have here the most famous names of the French school. As to the decision, we may dispose of that by admitting easily the technical superiority and greater resourcefulness of Paris: *Stars and Stripes dipped to Tricolor after brief but honorable engagement.*

For almost a generation we have been watching the studios of Paris turn out a dazzling array of geniuses, talents and especially salient personalities, as in one of the great ages of art. Once more the French painters display the brilliance and wide range of their craftsmanship, their easy command of their medium and of many styles, even when they seem to be repeating themselves somewhat wearily—as do Matisse, Derain and Utrillo in the examples before us. Thus we enjoy the protean Picasso in a "Harlequin," though it dates back nearly ten years to the transition from his abstract to his "classical" manner; we enjoy the gaiety, the constructed energy and balance of the figure. One salutes a quite recent "Still Life" of Braque's for its intense honesty, its perfect solution of an abstract problem, its evidence of unflagging power and seriousness, of the pursuit of new modes of expression, new refinements upon previous discoveries. Georges Roualt's "Two Clowns" reminds us anew of the tragic and primitive quality of his draughtsmanship; while Léger's experimental "Composition with Keys and Figures" suggests his predominantly inventive personality, which seeks new paths and keeps him, perhaps more than others, attuned to the particular atmosphere and rhythm of modernity and to its typical materials, architecture, decoration. But on the whole the other gifted French painters give us a quite perceptible effect of fatigue. After great exploits in primitivism and cubism th[illegible] entering into its decline. And so it may be interesting hereafter to watch the superrealists, the new extremists, to see if they are likely to create some plastic culture which may guide our troubled souls a little.

The Americans, bravely hung between pictures signed by long celebrated names, are generally inferior to the French in equipment, as the Chinese to the Japanese army. There is scarcely any unanimity of program among them, nor is there anything like an equal or minimum level of technical skill. Yet they make a somewhat livelier demonstration than one had expected; and some of them are by no means put to shame in distinguished company. This is important to note because, being on the average far younger than their competitors, they have much more rope. Thus the extremely youthful Peter Blume, who paints so slowly, represents us well with one of his earlier compositions, called "Showboat," embodying a pleasing bit of Americana, executed with the imagination, color and scrupulous finish of a genuine talent. Yet Blume has far exceeded this work in two epic canvases of more recent date. Likewise Maurice Kantor, a highly endowed, stimulating and even witty young painter, has shown better work than his "Colonial Interior," which leans so definitely upon the ideas of Chirico.

The most successful of the American pictures is undeniably Charles Sheeler's "River Rouge Plant." It is most gratifying to feel the vitality, the capacity for self-renewal of this older man, after a career of some twenty years. In his present phase, by no means sudden, but rather the fruit of long growing convictions, Sheeler is devoting himself a good deal to painting something of our industrial flora, fauna and scenery, though he would be the last one to emphasize the subject matter. The precision and formal clarity of his work is plainly aided by his labors as a photographer; yet at the same time he surpasses the camera and reaches toward the unflinching realism embodied in the old Fleming, Van Eyck, who still teaches us so much. Sheeler certainly stands out as a disciplined craftsman, working in his own track—one of the dominant figures among those painters here who interest themselves primarily in the architectural qualities of natural and man-made things. For the rest, Ernest Fiene and Reginald Marsh have quite broken their shins in vast and gaudy undertakings of definitely disagreeable result; whereas the widely accepted and well educated painters, Maurice Sterne and Eugene Speicher, are still arrested in the particular stage of development they have chosen—immediately after and immediately before Cézanne, respectively.

We might speculate upon what effect a tasteful inclusion of certain other American painters might have had in the final decision: the subtle and intellectual Charles Demuth, the rather thrilling Kuniyoshi, who is American-trained, and the best work of Niles Spencer, Preston Dickinson and Henry Billings might have suggested a more unified conception, over here, of the modern painter's function. But then a more representative gathering of the French might have destroyed all our calculations. In any case the natives have shown enough recently—so severe a test does abstract or semi-abstract method furnish of the painter's quality—to make it dangerous for collectors to search only overseas

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Are Good Houses Un-American?

BUT IT isn't American!"—This is the negative phrase one hears, the attitude of tolerant and even admiring spectatorship one feels, at the Architectural Exhibition which is current at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. The problem of *what* is not American receives some small illumination in the course of looking over the exhibits.

The show consists of models and photographs of the work of the best modern architects and planners, European and American. The selection has been careful and confident. The presentation—well lit models, large, uniform photographs, lucid plans and captions—is admirable. And the catalogue is a monumental work in itself, containing essays by Alfred Barr, Henry-Russell Hitchcock and Lewis Mumford; a general and a housing bibliography; a biography, bibliography and chronological list of works of each of the principal architects; and ample reproductions of photographs and plans. All for one dollar.

Dominating the exhibition are two very different models. One is Frank Lloyd Wright's design for a House on a Mesa, magnificently spacious, beautifully composed, undoubtedly wasteful, unbelievably grand. The other is Otto Haesler's model for an extensive low-rent community development, now in large part constructed in Kassel, Germany: a fine piece of economical planning, social thinking and harmonious organization. But the real emphasis, even in these dramatically opposite works, is the amazing similitude rather than the difference.

It is no accident of selection that all the serious work in this exhibit manages to create the impression of being a single entity. Instead it is a heartening fact that, all over the world, a very alive architectural program has evolved. This program results in certain visible characteristics throughout, such as the emphatic use of mass-production methods, open-flowing plans and the elimination of applied ornament.

The fine model for a country house in Pinehurst, by Mr. J. J. P. Oud, has an almost Japanese delicacy of proportion and unobtrusive clarity, with its flat projecting roof, its two-storied glass-walled living room, and the sudden roundness of the little covered terrace perched at one corner. Another model, of the house constructed at Brno, Czechoslovakia, by Miës Van der Rohe, achieves real elegance, without stuffy weight of possessions, by the interior use of a single slab of onyx, a block of macassar wood.

But good as these buildings are, this architecture has achieved its fullest realization in the field opened up by post-war low-cost housing activities. The emphasis on mass production, on economy, on realistic land-planning, on a sort of communal impersonality of style, has resulted in a technique which is producing the most valid and beautiful community equipment evolved since the Middle Ages.

In the Kassel *Siedlung,* designed for a community of 10,000, four-story apartment buildings are built in oriented rows, two rooms deep, surrounded by wide strips of common land, its houses faced in on parks which supply complete interior community circulation.

There is also an air view of a satellite-suburb in Frankfurt, with its curving white rows of houses looking out to the belt of green space and the winding stream which permanently separate it from the city. On the same wall is an interesting photograph of Mr. Oud's slum-rehabilitation work in Rotterdam, contrasting his handsome rows not only with the slum blocks, but with attempts to make picturesque cottages by mass-production methods.

Finally, there are models for a New York slum-rehabilitation project, designed by Howe and Lescaze, figured at the low rental of $10.95 per month per room. Six-story elevator-apartment units, with outside corridors, permit a comparatively low coverage of the ground. All living and bedrooms are sunny and have continuous strip-windows removed from the street. Steel-frame construction permits all the ground floor not used for stores, entrances or services to be kept open for covered recreation and garden space.

So much for a general view of the exhibition. Now what, one asks, is so specifically and unexceptionably un-American about all this modernity?

Is it the socialism of the German housing, the implication of municipal control and state aid, of planning emphasis on the community unit rather than the individual family? But look at the Van der Rohe house—luxurious, apart, obviously expensive, and just as modern as the minimum flat at Kassel. . . .

Or is it a vague conservative fear of "radical" or "extreme" architecture? But there is the beautiful land-planning of Frankfurt and Radburn. Surely there is nothing extreme about green space and quiet gardens. . . .

Or perhaps it is an inherent dislike for standardization and impersonality. But Frank Lloyd Wright is almost the guardian angel of the American Individual. . . .

What remains? Nothing but the real amenities offered by the buildings themselves. Light, air, spaciousness, the sense of urgent and pleasant use. Sun. Grass. Color. Form. No meaningless clutter. For the thing which really holds this exhibition together, which gives it style and value—and the thing which will make it incomprehensible to most Americans—is the *positive program of wants,* the direct affirmation and solution of physical and economic and social and esthetic needs.

Not, heaven knows, that the American's environment is unimportant to him; but that he has little direct or participating relation with it. He is too abstract to want good architecture. Houses are things to look on at, like amusements; or shown off as a possession or a literary symbol of culture; or lived in as a daily reminder of isolated personality in noble competition against the rest of the world; or merely a place to hang a hat, equipped with the latest gadget for hanging hats. While at least a few Europeans apparently want good houses, effective leisure, health, participation in an orderly society . . . what *do* Americans really want? *Just one more chance, dear Lord, and by God next time I'll get out before the crash.*

But this exhibition is going to travel around the country for three years. And a lot could happen in three years to

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CORRESPONDENCE

Colombia and the State Department

SIR: Mr. Rublee's letter in your February 17 number makes a fair statement of Mr. Stimson's position that there was no connection between the granting by the Colombian government of the Barco oil concession to the Mellon interests and the subsequent action of the State Department in regard to the extension of a further short-term credit by the National City Company to the Colombian government.

The facts appear to be somewhat as follows: First, early in 1931 the American State Department made a grave departure from its traditional policy by acting as an intermediary for the transmission of messages between the oil interests in the United States and their representative in Bogota, who was negotiating for the concession. Many people still feel that the function of diplomacy is to protect acquired rights against arbitrary denials of justice and not to intervene in the negotiations of concession seekers. Such intervention can only be construed by an intelligent person as an exercise of pressure by the American government in favor of the concession seekers. Needless to say, the cables and mails between the United States and Colombia were adequate in 1931 for the transmission of confidential messages between Mr. Rublee, representing the concession seekers, and his principals in this country.

Second, on or about May 16, 1931, our Minister to Colombia cabled the State Department that President Olaya was greatly disturbed because the National City Company was withholding final payment of an advance on a bank credit, the grounds being what the State Department officials called "technicalities" having to do with an alleged failure of the Colombian government to balance its budget as had been agreed. President Olaya could not understand why the money was being held back, as his government had complied with every requirement of the bankers, as well as ratifying the Barco concession and passing the desired oil legislation.

On the receipt of this communication, Mr. Stimson instructed the assistant chief of the Latin American Division, Mr. Freeman Matthews, to proceed to New York to "lay before the bankers the point of view of the President of Colombia." Colombia, of course, has in Washington an Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary as well as a Consul General in New York—presumably to handle Colombian business in this country.

It seems evident, as Mr. Rublee states, that these were two unconnected pieces of business; but it also seems evident that the Department of State acted improperly in connection with both. It seems clear, also, that a *quid pro quo* was asked by President Olaya and given by Mr. Stimson. It is Mr. Stimson's privilege to put his own interpretation on his acts. It is the privilege of the American people, judging these acts, to take cognizance of circumstances and to reason from cause to effect. The fact that Mr. Stimson refused to reveal to the American people the telegram from President Olaya as well as the correspondence with our Legation at Bogota does not lend support to the Secretary of State's contention.

New York City. LAWRENCE DENNIS.

A New Way with Reds

SIR: When the immigration authorities at Portland, Oregon, arrested Mike Kulikoff, eighteen-year-old probationary high-school boy, they discovered that their usual methods of dealing with alien radicals were not available in his case. Obviously, they could not deport him to Russia, the country of his nativity; nor could the local prosecuting officers successfully try to convict him of criminal syndicalism. Both possibilities were considered and rejected. Yet something had to be done, for here was this student spreading the doctrines of Lenin among his classmates. Pending the outcome of an investigation to determine what means should be employed to suppress him, he was shunted about at Immigration Headquarters, questioned at great length concerning his theories and the source of his literature and, handcuffed, rushed to the police station and jail. Finally, as a last resort, a perfunctory "insanity hearing" was held, at which no counsel or testimony in Mike's behalf was provided. On the testimony of a "competent" (police court) physician, he was committed and dispatched to the Oregon insane asylum. Just what form his mental pathology took was not, at that time, indicated.

The incidents related above required but little more than twenty-four hours. For five months, Mike was forced to spend his time in the insane asylum, after being labeled as a "dementia-praecox victim," while Irvin Goodman, counsel for the International Labor Defense, exerted every effort to obtain his release.

As official court records and transcript of testimony at subsequent hearings show, no effort was made on the part of the courts and institution officials to investigate the history, environment or ordinary conduct of the boy. On the contrary, it is evident that effort was made to suppress such facts as would cast suspicion on the methods resorted to by the authorities. The conditions under which he lived at the asylum and the treatment received there seriously undermined his physical and mental health. He was confined with a group of insane patients, most of whom were older than he, and he was so "treated" that every week contributed further to physical decline.

After a long battle, Mr. Goodman succeeded in having Mike paroled, on condition that he remain outside the city limits of Portland.

The principle involved here is not that of the right or wrong of Communism, or even the question whether or not individuals have a right to express heretical political-economic opinions. But we protest the precedent of malicious, underhanded methods to which the authorities will resort when they commit to an insane asylum a boy whom they could not suppress through the usual channels.

Portland, Oregon. DAWN LOVELACE.

Lo, the Poor Indian!

SIR: Again the Senate Indian Investigation Committee protests to Congress against the wasteful and nonproductive use of Indian tribal and trust funds by the Indian Bureau. In its recent report, on the Mescalero Apache Reservation, the Committee describes extravagant uses of Indian funds similar to those previously reported on the large Klamath Reservation of Oregon.

The Mescalero Apache tribal property consists of timber, grazing land and livestock. The Committee states that the entire tribal income from timber, from leases of grazing lands and from the tribal herd, is absorbed by the expenses of the bureau agency.

The reservation contains 472,000 acres with an Indian population of 696. In 1930 the total expenditure at the reservation was $208,436, of which sum $110,774 came from the tribal fund and the remainder from a gratuity appropriation by Congress. The per-capita expenditure to each Indian was $306; of which amount $163 was drawn from the tribal fund and $143 from gratuities. The Senate report states that if government in all its branches, national and local, were supported as lavishly, on a per-capita basis, the tax fund would total more than $36,000,000,000, or more than a third of the aggregate national income. . . .

The report states that the use of tribal funds on the Mescalero Reservation, and on numerous other reservations, is causing the rapid impoverishment of Indian tribes without saving money for the government and without obtaining better service for the Indians. A tabulation of the expenditures of thirteen reservations shows that the New Mexico Pueblos, the Navajo and Hopi reservations and the California Mission Indians in 1930 had the low per-capita expenditures of $38.40, $47.70 and $50.40, respectively, of which the tribal funds were respectively seventy cents, five dollars, and forty cents, as contrasted with the high per-capita cost of the Mescalero Apache, the Jicarilla Apache and the Colorado Utes, of $306, $232 and $186, respectively, of which the tribal funds

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The Committee announces a more exhaustive report on Indian trust funds at an early date in support of its finding that the continuation of present policy means the complete destruction of many of the tribal funds at a very early date. It finds that in this matter the present administration is conforming to the record of its predecessor.

JOHN COLLIER,
Washington, D. C. American Indian Defense Association, Inc.

Pacifists and Manchuria

SIR: The Japanese actions in China have demonstrated, with peculiar clarity, the bankruptcy of American pacifism. While Japanese armies conquer three hundred thousand square miles of Chinese territory, bomb the civilian populations of twenty or thirty cities and annihilate Chinese armies, American pacifists continue to talk of the next war in the future tense. The more energetic of our peace societies pass resolutions calculated to delude the Japanese into the absurd belief that international respectability is worth more to them than Manchuria.

Foremost among pacifist suggestions are the withdrawal of United States Marines from Nicaragua (sympathetic magic), the withdrawal of the United States Ambassador from Tokio (ritual magic), the renewal of polite protests on the part of this country and the League (verbal magic) and the invocation of the Nine Power Treaty (symbolic magic). Less energetic lovers of peace congratulate themselves on the fact that after all Japan has not declared war (as if this were something novel in Japanese military history), and insist on the need of open-mindedness in viewing the Manchurian "crisis." While The New Republic has avoided the grosser forms of pacifist sentimentalism in its comments on Manchuria, it illustrates the essence of that attitude in officially refusing approval to the movement for a boycott of Japanese goods in this country pending the withdrawal of Japan's armies from Chinese territory. A realistic pacifism depends upon the realization that enonomic pressure is the only practical alternative to war in the settlement of international conflicts. Is it not significant that Premier Inukai concluded his first public address on Manchuria with the pious hope that America would help Japan by buying more silk?

FELIX S. COHEN.

New York City.

[The New Republic pointed out that economic sanctions would be unnecessary in preventing Japan from waging a major war, since Japan could not wage such a war without foreign loans, and she would not be able to borrow the money. We do not agree, moreover, that economic sanctions such as the boycott are a substitute for war. Even if they could be enforced, and could be carried on without almost as great loss to all concerned as fighting with military weapons, still they would be a direct incitement to war, and would lead to warlike complications such as naval blockades. The path to peace is not through the punishment of guilty nations, as we learned to our sorrow in 1919, but through the organization of an international community of interest and the removal of the basic causes of war.—THE EDITORS.]

England, France and Russia

SIR: Some time ago you printed a review of my "Soviets in World Affairs" by Vera Micheles Dean, in which Mrs. Dean questioned the authenticity of a document which I published for the first time. Your reviewer said:

> The secret Anglo-French convention for the division of south Russia into spheres of influence which Dr. Fischer appends in translation and on which, in large part, he bases his analysis of French activities in Russia, has no other authentication than that "it was supplied from a British source." The historian may be justified in awaiting further proof before passing judgment on this document.

Now this convention is extremely important. It was negotiated by Lord Milner for England and Clemenceau for France, and separate peace with Germany and before the Soviet government had repudiated Tsarism's foreign obligations, the chief Allies met to divide Russia between themselves.

Mrs. Dean says the historian is justified in waiting and doubting. Mrs. Dean is not the only person who did not accept the authenticity of the convention. The London News-Chronicle called it a "mare's nest" and *The London Evening Standard* spoke of it as a "ridiculous disclosure." At the time I was not in a position to reply to these biased attacks.

Today I am able to divulge the source of this secret document. It was handed to me in the British Foreign Office in London by a British Foreign Office official. I had suspected its existence and asked for papers bearing on this period which I might publish in "The Soviets in World Affairs," which was just about to go to press. I waited several days and then this state paper was given to me on the understanding that I would put it to use. Why the British Foreign Office gave it to me I can only guess.

Now Mrs. Dean will believe that my book was completed when I received the document. Therefore the document is printed in the appendix. I could not have based my analysis of French activities in Russia on this document, as Mrs. Dean says. But the document confirms that analysis in every detail, for the terms of the secret convention were actually put into practice, and all the facts of foreign anti-Soviet intervention fit exactly into the scheme as outlined by Milner and Clemenceau.

If historical facts are not enough for the historian, Mrs. Dean might have consulted the authorities. Violent enemies of Bolshevism, notably Winston Churchill and General Denikin, have made reference to the secret treaty of December 23, 1917.

In his "Aftermath," pages 167-8, Mr. Churchill writes:

> On December 23, 1917, an Anglo-French convention had been agreed to at Paris between Clemenceau, Pichon and Foch on the one hand, and Lord Milner, Lord Robert Cecil and British military representatives on the other. . . . It followed from this, as set out in Article III, that the French zone would consist of . . . and the British zone of . . . The War Cabinet of November 13, 1918, reaffirmed their adherence to these limitations.

This might have served as the "further proof" which Mrs. Dean was seeking. If she wished still further proof she might have consulted Denikin's valuable memoirs. In an article in Current History for March, 1931, entitled "Franco-British Plot Against Russia," Dr. Leonid I. Strakhovsky, professor of History at Georgetown University, a Russian who fought in Baron Wrangel's army against the Bolsheviks and who therefore cannot be suspected of pro-Bolshevik leanings, deals with the Anglo-French convention as I published it and marshals practically all the known facts and authoritative statements which corroborate it. "General Denikin," he declares, "relates that he received confirmation of this agreement from the French representative, Colonel Corbeil, in his letter, No. 1,926, dated May 27, 1919, and that 'the line dividing the zones was drawn from . . . etc.'" Dr. Strakhovsky says that "the comparison of Mr. Churchill's statement with the full text published by Mr. Fischer seems to destroy any doubt as to its exactness." And again: "Mr. Churchill's quotations also coincide with parts of Mr. Fischer's full text of the agreement." Furthermore: "What was of importance in the Denikin statement was not so much the terms reached between France and Great Britain in December, 1917, but the practical application of these terms in South Russia." Even an intelligent newspaper reader, not to speak of a historian, should know that during the 1918-20 period of Allied intervention in Russia, France had her zone and England hers. And the boundaries of those zones correspond with the divisions sketched in the secret convention.

The historian, therefore, has actual events, the word of Churchill, Denikin and of others whom I could quote—A. Margolin, for instance—and the interpretation of Dr. Strakhovsky. But since the historian disbelieved along with other skeptics that the statesmen could be so cruel as to carve up Russia into British and French slices, I reluctantly disclose the source from which I obtained the secret agreement. The existence of this agreement is a significant item of history. I trust that I have now dispelled all doubt as to

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Bret Harte

Bret Harte: Argonaut and Exile, by George R. Stewart, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 385 pages. $5.

Selected Works of Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 7 vols. Cloth, $7; leather, $19.25; morocco, $40.

TIME WAS—and not so long ago—when the reputation of Bret Harte seemed to rest upon the matter of local color, whose use he was said to have inaugurated in American fiction. Praise in this respect was changed to dispraise as criticism began to measure the overwhelming accumulation of a quaint and trivial localism. In the revulsion it was too little noted that Harte's own usages were slight, even abstract, and that he merely capped certain tendencies which we, after our fashion, had forgotten, using the best of an early regionalism as this had long since appeared in the short and humorous popular tale. A whole way of American story-telling was brought to an unassuming perfection in his apparently artless little sketches. It had begun in New England, years before, and had been fined down in many places, even in the exuberant Southwest.

In quite another quarter Harte was almost wholly an originator. His humor was of a different order from that blind, triumphant, possessive humor which had been rising steadily throughout the country. He was often acutely and narrowly satirical, with humor edging into pathos and tragedy. The characters of the "Outcasts," delicately yet sharply revealed with humor, remain as symbols of his preoccupation with the defeated.

It has become a current fashion to disparage Harte on the ground that he never knew the mining camps of California at first hand. In his highly serviceable biography Mr. Stewart meets this contention with sound effect, even though he is unable to cite records. He shows that Harte used such detail as he could hardly have chosen without some direct and highly localized experience, and concludes that much of that experience must have been gained during the "missing years," from 1854 to 1857. Moreover, as Mr. Stewart indicates, the little town of Union on Humboldt Bay where Harte spent nearly three years, though not a mining camp, had the essentials of one, with miners constantly passing through on their way to the foothills or returning to spend their dust. From many casual contacts in the small San Francisco of the late fifties and the sixties, Harte could hardly have avoided gaining an essential grasp of immediate character and situation. Miners thronged the bars, the small eating places, the theatres and variety houses.

Mr. Stewart does not force the argument: it represents indeed his sole venture into the realm of speculation. The virtues and the limitations of this biography consist in his strict adherence to known circumstances. His is an unusual piece of writing in view of contemporary tendencies. He has been unbeguiled by a colorful background. He has not been diverted into drawing that striking group to which Harte belonged in San Francisco—Webb, Prentice Mulford, Ina Coolbrith, Mark Twain for a brief time, and, surprisingly, Ada Menken. Quite firmly Mr. Stewart has adhered to basic factual outlines, and he can claim the high merit of having added appreciably to the number of known facts. These, moreover, are nicely shaped to meet the criticisms of character which, by a process of attrition, have drawn from the reputation of Harte [illegible]

gives with a new fullness Harte's editorial conflict with popular opinion in Union at the time of the Indian massacre: Harte showed an uncompromising nobility. The tangled question of finances in his later years is unraveled, and Harte is revealed as a far more human and more honorable figure than he has appeared heretofore. At many essential points Mr. Stewart has substituted definition for vagueness. Most of all, by the bold outline of his narrative, he suggests the strangeness of that fate by which Harte was catapulted into fame; and he shows how that fame, coupled with the circumstances of his unfortunate marriage, kept his fastidious talent enslaved by hack work for the long remainder of his days.

By his close method Mr. Stewart succeeds—so far as he goes—in achieving depth and dimension of character. His limitations in an important direction are voluntary, and one would guess that he found it difficult to keep within them. At the outset he states his conviction that "biography and literary criticism are essentially different." So they are in main function: but for such a character as Bret Harte—perhaps indeed for all writers—the factual life is closely interwoven with the imaginative as this appears in literary forms; and criticism alone can handle the subtler strain. In his older biography Merwin says that Harte was "all artist." This designation goes far toward explaining much that was essential about him, the slightness of many of his human relationships, his lack of that profound grasp of character which could lead him to extended delineation. And drama appears in the placement against the ultimate frontier of one of the two or three purely artistic talents which American literature has produced. Finally, it is only by considering Harte as literary artist that the more complex passages of his life and character can be revealed.

There was a genuine crux in Harte's life before his writing of the small handful of stories which have made his fame. Surely from the point of view of essential character and temperament it is important to know whether he himself had gradually approached the point where his creation of the stories was inevitable, or whether he was pushed into their creation by others; whether he possessed literary initiative and courage, and with what drafts upon immediate sources he worked. Mr. Stewart recognizes this crux, but he offers only the "known events." Surely the critical approach would have gone far toward resolving these questions. The materials are fairly abundant, existing in the obscure writings of some of Harte's California contemporaries, in California newspapers of the time, and most of all in those early writings of Bret Harte which Mr. Stewart tantalizingly mentions and to which few critics have had access, particularly those in The San Francisco News Letter.

It seems important to know how much of Harte's original talent survived through the dreary years in Crefeld, Glasgow and London. An analysis of the uneven stories of that time would almost certainly yield something of inner drama; it would probably cast a strong illumination backward upon the basic elements of Harte's talent, with further light upon his earlier years. The question of a satirical strain in Bret Harte is almost untouched in this biography, though satire in his writings was a subtle and many-sided affair, appearing with almost every strain of feeling, running an unusually wide gamut. Was this satire purely literary? Had it no counterpart in action or talk? If tangible clues have vanished, some fairly full representation of this bias would still seem to be required

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But even Mr. Stewart's definite renouncements are a contribution, since they suggest some of the outlines of that further critical study which is greatly needed. To this might well be added an anthology of early California journalistic writings, centering about Bret Harte and grounded upon a critical sense of their implications. The conquest of the ultimate frontier seemed to bring distinct alterations in the American literary genius, and some of these had their quick reflection there. We have by no means done with Bret Harte. He focused highly essential strains; and one would guess that his slight, consistent, quite inalterable character will keep a continued hold upon the literary imagination.

CONSTANCE ROURKE.

Men of the Republic

Blaine of Maine: His Life and Times, by Charles Edward Russell. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 446 pages. $5.

James A. Garfield, Party Chieftain, by Robert G. Caldwell. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 383 pages. $5.

John G. Carlisle, Financial Statesman, by James A. Barnes. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 552 pages. $5.

Power and Glory: The Life of Boies Penrose, by Walter Davenport. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 340 pages. $3.

"AMERICAN MEN in the eighteen-eighties," says William Allen White, evolving what might be called the dialectical materialism of the beard, "were still skulking behind the barricade of their whiskers . . . so much wickedness and vanity, so much sham and cupidity were rampant in the land that men did not dare to show their naked faces." Two of these hairy ancestors of ours were Blaine of Maine, who almost became President, and James A. Garfield of Ohio, who was President for a few short months before a disappointed office-seeker shot him in the back. Each had something to hide, for Blaine was implicated in one railroad scandal, and Garfield's connection with another—the Crédit Mobilier—was either venal or just plain wooden-skulled, and the poor electorate could take its choice between these statesmanlike qualities. On two of the dominant issues of the post-Civil War period—the "bloody shirt" and the tariff—neither Blaine nor Garfield showed anything that even approached statesmanship. In the matter of the currency, Garfield did transcend partisanship, as did Blaine to a lesser degree. The one really good thing that can be said for Blaine is that he used his terms as Secretary of State to formulate a definite, uncringing national policy toward England, and to institute the idea of reciprocity in our trade relations with South America.

Both Blaine and Garfield were charmers; both drifted amiably with the times. John G. Carlisle was of a different breed. By nature a man of that unbending rectitude which seems overharsh at times, he could not lend himself to the handclasping, fob-fumbling politics of a Blaine or a Garfield. Not that he did anything more than represent a section—Kentucky—on the tariff; not that he was clear as to ways and means of lowering rates from the preposterous Civil War "emergency" height. But at least he did nothing to aid the Randalls, the Blaines and the "Pig Iron" Kelleys in erecting a Great Wall of China around the manufacturing interests. And in the matter of the currency he did what he could; he committed political suicide, along with Grover Cleveland, because he couldn't wave aside his conscience.

Boies Penrose came to the Senate after Blaine and Garfield were dead, and when Carlisle was in retirement. Free silver had passed as an issue of any vitality; the "bloody shirt" had gone to the laundry with the death of Henry Cabot Lodge's "force bill," which had been designed to get the troops back into the South to supervise elections. The tariff alone remained. And to the tariff Penrose, the descendant of those early "Pig Iron" Kelleys of Pennsylvania, devoted his life. One can forgive him because he made no pretentions to being a little friend of all the world; if Garfield was the "Christian statesman," Penrose was merely a satanic Senator who gloried in the smell of brimstone. There was no pose about him. He represented Henry Clay Frick, and to hell with the Christian Endeavor.

The four books which bring these men of the Republic back to life are of widely varying merit. Charles Edward Russell writes with the eloquent conviction of the muckraker who believes in his mission, but he is completely blind to recent revaluation of the post-Civil War period. For example, by reading this work purporting to recreate the "times" of Blaine, one would scarcely come to realize that a lot of Yankee crooks went south along with the Yankee schoolmarms of the Freedmen's Bureau. Mr. Russell mentions the carpet-baggers only once, and then devotes but two paragraphs to them. But on the subject of Thaddeus Stevens he grows fervent with a Garrisonian fervor. Professor Caldwell, writing of Garfield, incomprehensibly admires this weak hero, although the marks of this weakness are on every page. As if to keep some sort of consistency, Professor Caldwell himself writes in a weak style; there is no conviction in his prose, and he wanders ineffectually from cliché to cliché. Mr. Davenport is racy, in The New Yorker profile manner, in "Power and Glory." The best of the four books is that on Carlisle. Professor Barnes's biography of the man who was Secretary of the Treasury in Cleveland's second administration is excellent in every way. No better account of the free-silver troubles and government-bond issues which split Cleveland's party into gold and silver Democrats and culminated in the campaign of 1896, has ever been written. Professor Barnes deserves serious consideration by the Pulitzer Prize Committee.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

"High in the Brisk Air"

These Restless Heads, by Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. 253 pages. $2.50.

WHEN MR. CABELL announced, a year or so ago, that he would write no more books, the news was greeted with fewer expressions of inconsolable grief than might have been expected, considering that Mr. Cabell has been regarded as a very eminent author, at least by Mr. Mencken, and has had a book written about him by Mr. Carl Van Doren. But more grief may well have been felt than got itself expressed, and so no doubt the appearance of this new volume, despite the dropping of Mr. Cabell's first name, will bring joy to many a heart among the subscribers to the Literary Guild and even others. Moreover, as Mr. Cabell has been quite frankly personal in these essays, quite charmingly autobiographical, these far-flung Cabellians will have a glimpse into their author's private life, and a view of his personality, for

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They will learn, for example, that Mr. Cabell, in real life, is a disenchantingly conventional and well-to-do householder on what appears to be one of the good streets in Richmond; that he has a Negro butler (whom he, however, describes archly as "coffee-and-cream-colored"); that he is descended from some of the most distinguished families of the Old Dominion, and owns a portrait of one Nicholas Cabell, an eighteenth-century ancestor who made his mark in the world; that he does his writing, except in summer, in a little black and silver room decorated by a piece of Greek marble in the form of a heroic female bust, which he calls Æsred; that he has money in the bank, and owns a few stocks, and has "nearly two hundred and fifty gallons of petroleum in the oil-heater." They will also learn that Mr. Cabell spends his summers among the Virginia mountains at a place called Mountain Lake, where he owns a dwelling called Cayford Cottage, pleasantly remote from the *profanum vulgus*.

Yet all this, they will gather, does not mean that Mr. Cabell does not have his troubles. He receives far more letters daily than you would imagine, and many of these are of a troublesome nature, since some people will insist on learning how he pronounces his surname, and others on demanding autographs and free copies of his books, and others on coming to talk with him (these are young authors) about *their* books, and still others on proposing scandalous rendezvous with him in spite of his known sobriety. But these are not the worst of his afflictions: these, after all, are but trifling externalities. The real griefs have more intangible causes: what sensitive spirit can fail to mourn the fading of all our radiant youthful dreams, the cooling of all our high youthful ardors, the descent to commonplace and compromise from all our valiant youthful aspirations to impossible adventure? "There is no passion which endures, no desire which stays fervent, and no comrade who remains near to the eternal journeyer." These things, it is true, have been said before; but they trouble Mr. Cabell a good deal, nevertheless.

Still, a sensible man will make the best even of such a very bad matter as middle age; and Mr. Cabell protests that his lot might be much worse than it is. After all, for a creative artist, there is always the high privilege of making beautiful things—in the case of a romancer, the privilege of writing exquisite and artful prose, such as Mr. Cabell's notoriously is. He speaks of himself as "writing polished and thrice polished and then repolished prose, with a demented and uncontagious enjoyment"; and indeed it must be exhilarating to feel that one is joining the ranks of the great prosateurs whenever one substitutes a "not any" for a "no" or a "none," and a "not ever" for a "never," and an "over many" for a "too many," and so following. All this is made easier if, in your prose fiction, you avoid all difficult and prosaic subjects from contemporary life and confine yourself to the fanciful biography of Dom Manuel; and especially if you feel, as Mr. Cabell does, that this is the true way to the hearts of posterity. "It seems to me, in my vainglory," he says, "as I sit exceedingly high in the brisk air [at Cayford Cottage], that a number of my contemporaries have addressed themselves to a theme which is too trivial to be worth writing about when they set to commemorating these United States of America." In general, why should a wise man overcast his refined complacency by troubling his head about his contemporaries, either as subjects for fiction or as subjects for human consideration? Mr. Cabell knows better than to indulge in at least this kind of sentimentality. "As I grow older," he says, "I find I . . . as to all questions of large social import. I burn with generous indignation over this world's pig-headedness and injustice at no time whatever." This serene detachment is no doubt what gives his prose style that ripe and slightly perverse charm which so many excellent judges have united in finding in it.

It at any rate gives the present volume of essays a tranquillity, as of blessed spirits tarrying aloof from all sordid struggles, which, in these distressful days, will surely be more welcome than ever to Mr. Cabell's following. Possibly there are irreverent skeptics here and there to whom James Branch Cabell, with or without the James, is but a grossly overestimated third-rate Anatole France, whose creative equipment rests largely on the foundations of a stale Confederate culture, whose romanticism has the emptiness of adolescence without its spontaneity, whose eighteen volumes ring the tedious changes on an intrinsically trashy theme, and whose prose style has about as much distinction as Oscar Wilde's. If such skeptics exist, they should be advised, if they need the advice, against spending money on this book.

NEWTON ARVIN.

The Lower Depths

Men in Darkness, by James Hanley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A LARGE merchantman, reconditioned for war service, is lying alongside a dock loading a ballast of sand. She has been painted a French gray, her name has disappeared, being replaced by her admiralty number. She has been tricked out with canvas funnels and a gun has been fitted up on the poop. Her holds are empty and her 'tween-decks, which have "a ghostly smell and ring about them," are cavernous. Nobody knows where she is bound or when she will sail. Perhaps in some obscure port she will be fitted up as a dummy battleship, but no one is sure. Those on shore know only that she is a "regular bloody cockleshell of a boat" and that she inspires them with awe and a sense of doom.

In the cargo shed, three hundred firemen are fighting for jobs aboard her with the undivided passion of animals. Seven berths are open. In a mass fury for jobs they break the lines and swarm aboard the ship like rats, up the gangway, the cargo chutes, the wire ropes that moor the ship to the bits. Howls, curses, confusion, and seven men are hired. The mob fury subsides; the seven lucky men are left, meekly holding their hats and saying sir to the second engineer. Two days later the queer ship, her dead lights screwed down over her ports, slips down the river into the nightmare zone of submarines. Below decks the firemen, trimmers, greasers, wipers, engineers, work with sullen energy while the great, hollow hulk of a ship pounds onward. Several hundred miles out a submarine gets her and she sinks. The crew take to the boats, one of which is separated from the others. We follow it until the men, driven mad from drinking sea-water, hurl themselves, cursing, one by one into the sea.

This is the first story. The others that follow are like it, though they do not possess to so intense a degree its sweep, its mood of violence, its atmosphere of horror and nightmare. In them the emphasis has been placed largely on the quirks and eccentricities of human character; in them character itself is fate; they do not evoke the same

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helplessly swept to their death with the bland precision of a machine. What distinguishes the first story is the author's way of presenting, through the speech of the men, through their actions, their helplessness and mutilated despair, through the descriptions of the ship itself, its engines and furnaces, the existence of a vast and invisible industrial system which shapes their destinies more implacably than does fate in a Greek tragedy.

Certainly the picture of these stunted men whom Hanley describes, these men who fight for jobs with the ferocity of beasts and cling to them with the tenacity of insects, these men who express their rebelliousness only in sporadic wife-beating and drunkenness, is a devastating indictment of the system which produced them. But as the stories stand there is no evidence of propaganda. There are only occasional flashes of hatred which, bursting through the prose, for a moment set the whole structure of industrialism into keen and savage profile. And at those moments one feels that perhaps it is this subterranean hatred which has cauterized Hanley's style clean of sentimentality, fused his language, shaped it into form, and given his stories a power and terror which have been seldom equaled in contemporary literature. SLATER BROWN.

A Brilliant Tory

The Unknown War: The Eastern Front, by Winston S. Churchill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 405 pages. $5.

MR. CHURCHILL has written several volumes on the Great War. The present one, complete in itself, treats mainly of the Russian war, in Europe and in Asia, but there are also chapters on the campaigns in Serbia, Rumania and Gallipoli; nor does it ignore military developments in the West in so far as they have a bearing on those in the East. The events leading up to the War are set forth with the utmost clarity. Numerous maps and original diagrams add greatly to the value of the text.

If this were not an age in which military history has lost its ancient appeal, Mr. Churchill might well have been its favorite historian. He has every quality to commend him to the masses as well as to the cultivated: a superb command of language, a vivid imagination, absolute confidence in himself and, above all, energy. The candor with which he sets forth his views and preferences compels admiration, even when we question or reject them. The very dedication of the book: "To our faithful allies and comrades in the Russian imperial armies," tells us that Mr. Churchill remains doggedly faithful to his Kolchaks and Denikins. His staunch Toryism is flaunted with equal defiance when he lashes out against the Serbs, who certainly were no less faithful allies, with the words that the monument which they erected to Princip, the assassin of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, "records his infamy, and their own." His characterizations of the Russian revolution and revolutionists are equally pointed: "All sorts of Russians made the revolution. No sort of Russian reaped its profits." The 130,000,000 workers and peasants who remained in Russia after the emigrés had left it, of course don't count. Christian civilization is boldly identified with Tsardom, communism with animal existence: "It was not until a fearsome set of internationalists and logicians built a sub-human structure upon the ruins of Christian civilization, that any form of order or design again emerged." Here it is the [illegible] endowed with lands and wealth who is speak-

However, on one occasion Mr. Churchill's ardor carries him beyond the bounds of opinion and into the realm of fiction, a territory which the "massive" logician Lenin was never guilty of entering. After enumerating the motley array of people who made the Russian revolution, from grand dukes to peasants and workmen, he melodramatizes: "And behind all, cold, calculating, ruthless, patient, stirring all, demanding all, awaiting all, the worldwide organization of International Communism." In 1917 and 1918 there was no Communist International in existence. Indeed, there was as yet no Communist party anywhere. Even the Russian Bolsheviks, a paltry few thousand in number, still called themselves Social Democrats and were, at least nominally, a part of the Socialist International, which had gone on the rocks in the World War. HERMAN SIMPSON.

Book Notes

BELLES LETTRES

CREATIVE POETRY, by B. Roland Lewis. Palo Alto, Calif.: *Stanford University Press. 399 pages. $5.*

By means of brief quotations patched together with running comment, Professor Lewis convinces the reader that he has carefully read everything written about poetry, but not that he has intelligently read it. Establishing at the outset that poetry is "predominantly emotional," he argues from psychology that the poetic emotion is due to practical frustration, or again merely to verbal frustration at moments of strong feeling. What this means the reader must decide; the author gives him no help.

THE POETIC WAY OF RELEASE, by Bonaro Wilkinson. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 400 pages. $3.*

A popular study of this kind, which attempts to discuss, not some specific problem of poetry or of a poet, but Poetry, is doomed to failure. Miss Wilkinson's general view of the art is hardly more philosophical than this, that poetry is a "release" from practicality and reality into a world of emotional values which are, however, so vaguely defined as to be meaningless. Her comment on particular poets and poems is not illuminating; one poem presents "the hush of dawn," another "the serenity of fading day," still another "the pathos of the life that carries on, in the face of drab want." Neither the philosophical intelligence to distinguish the place of poetry as a function of the mind nor perception of the immediate quality of poetry informs this book; it is loose and vague.

SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT IN POETRY, by Ralph B. Crum. *New York: Columbia University Press. 246 pages. $3.*

This book is primarily a study of the effect of science on the work of certain poets, and an examination of the more important figures who have reacted definitely toward the long continued conflict between science and poetry. The author devotes chapters to Lucretius and pre-Newtonian science in poetry, to Voltaire and André Chénier, to Erasmus Darwin, to Goethe and the championing of evolution, to Tennyson and his adjustments to modern science. Mr. Crum's treatment of his subject is somewhat pedantic and his book is a little heavy with footnotes. Nevertheless, he is able to present some new and illuminating material concerning the way in which the creative imagination makes use of philosophical and scientific thought, once that thought has become current. His chronological presentation clarifies some of the statements made by I. A. Richards in his little book, "Science and Poetry."

A HISTORY OF INDIAN LITERATURE, from Vedic Times to the Present Day, by Herbert H. Gowen. *New York: D. Appleton and Company. 609 pages. $4.*

The type of broadmindedness here displayed is a modern vice of scholarship. Where the pedant makes judgments from petty principles, Professor Gowen makes no judgments at all; and his treat-

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The greater part of his book deals with scriptures and commentaries which may be the pride of India, but are a torment to the occidental reader attempting to enjoy the enormous and disproportionate mass of them as literature. The standards of religious writings are conspicuously not those of belles lettres. A few scriptures happen to be also great works of literature; but the writers and the compilers of the Hindu sacred writings had much less literary talent than the men who made the Bible. In the few sections devoted to secular literature, Professor Gowen exercises as little critical judgment, relying entirely on the opinion of previous commentators. He is happier, however, in his description of historical backgrounds; readers who require no more than an amplified bibliography interspersed with sociological surveys will find his book of service.

Unemployment

UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE IN SWITZERLAND, by T. G. Spates and G. S. Rabinovitch. *New York: Industrial Relations Counselors. 276 pages. $3.*

The volume of literature on all aspects of unemployment continues to expand with the persistence of the depression and the rise in the amount and severity of unemployment. This study of Swiss unemployment insurance follows two earlier reports by the Industrial Relations Counselors on the private and public insurance plans in this country and in England. Like its predecessors, it represents a detailed factual analysis of the history of Swiss experiments with both compulsory and voluntary insurance. Because insurance legislation in the United States is likely to be adopted first by the states, with perhaps some form of federal aid, this account of the relation between federal and cantonal unemployment legislation in Switzerland should prove of considerable interest to American students.

UNEMPLOYMENT AS A WORLD PROBLEM, by J. M. Keynes, Karl Pribram and E. J. Phelan. *Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 261 pages. $3.*

Theoretical problems of cause and prevention dominate the argument of the lectures on unemployment delivered last summer at the University of Chicago under the auspices of the Norman Wait Harris Foundation. Both Mr. Keynes and Professor Pribram explain the origins of the present depression in terms intelligible to the layman, while Mr. Keynes proposes his program for hastening the recovery of business and for exercising effective control in the future. Mr. Phelan, chief of the diplomatic division of the International Labor Office, is less concerned with theory than with practice, and describes the variety of mitigating and preventive measures which most countries of the world are now busy adapting to their own peculiar needs.

UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEMS IN 1931. *Boston: World Peace Foundation. 280 pages. $1.50.*

Four European economists, Professors Albert Hahn of Frankfurt, Maurice Anciaux of Brussels, L. Hersch of Geneva and G. D. H. Cole of Oxford, in collaboration with the International Labor Office, are responsible for the volume on "Unemployment Problems in 1931." This report, like the Harris lectures, deals partly with the theory of causation and partly with programs of reform. Preceded by extracts from the annual report of the director of the Labor Office, this document consists of memoranda by the four economists on the relation between inequalities in the international distribution of capital, disturbance in international trade, population, rationalization, wages and unemployment.

UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEMS IN THE UNITED STATES, by H. B. Butler. *Boston: World Peace Foundation. 112 pages. $.60.*

On several occasions since the establishment of the International Labor Office, its deputy-director, Mr. H. B. Butler, has visited the United States and published his observations of the state of industrial relations in this country. The present report represents his views of the American unemployment situation arising out of the depression of 1930. [illegible] tional unemployment methods and who wonders how much longer we can afford to distribute charity to the unemployed and to delay the experiment of unemployment insurance.

UNEMPLOYMENT AND PUBLIC WORKS. *Boston: World Peace Foundation. 186 pages. $1.*

In spite of the wide use of public works for the relief of the unemployed and the current elaborate proposals for their extension, no satisfactory discussion of the question has ever been written. In the light of the notion, now popular, that public works can be most effectively directed against the problem of unemployment if they are planned in advance, the International Labor Office has made a survey of the experience with forward planning in more than ten countries. The nature of the measures adopted, and the administrative and financial problems involved in planning, are here for the first time examined in their international setting.

Fiction

WEEP NO MORE, by Ward Greene. *New York: Harrison Smith. $2.50.*

Perpetual hangovers ("everybody's lot these days"), stupid parties, petty lusts, insipid chatter, a suicide: these are the main ingredients of this novel of modern young people in the urban South. Episodic and materially slight as the book is, the author succeeds—whether it was his purpose or not—in presenting a thoroughly depressing picture of a society at loose ends. The story of Eppy Spurlock, a cracked victim of repression, who invents a lover out of her longing dreams, allowing herself to be congratulated and feted and sending herself telegrams and flowers, is carried to a morbid and psychologically unconvincing conclusion, and is really irrelevant to the rest of the book.

Contributors

PHILIPPE SOUPAULT, the well known French poet, novelist and critic who recently delivered a series of lectures at Pennsylvania State College, is on the editorial staff of the French magazine, Vu. One of his novels has been published here by the Macaulay Company under the title, "Last Nights of Paris."

LÉONIE ADAMS, author of two volumes of verse, "Those Not Elect" and "High Falcon," is giving a course of lectures on English poetry at Washington Square College of New York University.

ERNEST JEROME HOPKINS, who investigated the illegal enforcement of law by the police for the Wickersham Commission, is author of "Our Lawless Police," which was published last fall by the Viking Press.

JONATHAN MITCHELL is the author of "Goose Steps to Peace," recently published by Little, Brown and Company. He was formerly European correspondent for The New York World.

HAROLD LEWIS COOK is now living in Avon, Connecticut, after having spent six years in France, where he taught English in a private school at Pau.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, whose studies in the fields of French and American literature were recently supplemented by a biography of Rousseau, is at present doing free-lance work in New York City.

CATHERINE BAUER, a frequent contributor on architectural subjects to magazines, will be associate editor of architecture for The Arts Weekly, which will make its first appearance in March.

CONSTANCE ROURKE, who lives in Grand Rapids, Michigan, is the author of "Trumpets of Jubilee," "Troupers of the Gold Coast" and "American Humor: A Study of the National Character."

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, assistant editor of The New York Times Book Review and a student of various cultural and political aspects of American life, is at present at work on a volume of critical essays.

HERMAN SIMPSON, who has contributed extensively to various [illegible]

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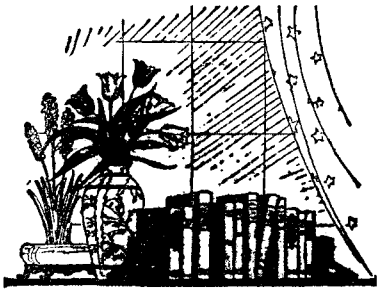

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